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*Frontispiece.*

# LATER TALES,

PUBLISHED DURING 1857 & 1868.

BY

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED BY

CAROLINE PEACHEY, AUGUSTA PLESNER, AND H. WARD.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY OTTO SPECKTER,  
A. W. COOPER, ETC.*



LONDON:  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE popularity which HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN so deservedly enjoys (and nowhere more than in England) as a writer for young people has induced the publishers to issue these, the later productions of his pen, in a collected form. They have mostly been composed in the last two or three years, and the greater part of them have appeared at intervals during that period in AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE. The translation of the first tale is by the late Miss CAROLINE PEACHEY, the rest are translated by Miss AUGUSTA PLESNER and H. WARD, Esq.



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# LATER TALES.

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## THE HORN-BOOK.

THERE was a certain man who set himself to writing new doggrel for the Horn-book—two lines to every letter, as in the old one : he fancied the old rhymes were too hackneyed, and that something new was needed for the rising generation. His new Horn-book was as yet only in manuscript, and he had placed it by the side of the old printed one, in the great book-case, full of such a multitude of books, some learned, others mere books of amusement. But the old Horn-book would not peaceably endure the new Horn-book as a neighbour ; he had sprung down from the shelf, giving his rival a push that stretched him on the floor, scattering the loose leaves all about. As for the old Horn-book, he lay open at his first page, the most important of all, where stand displayed all the letters, large and small. That page contains within it the essence of all the books that ever were written ; it contains the alphabet, the wonderful army of signs that rule the world : a marvellous power, in sooth, have they ! It all depends on the order in which they are commanded

to stand; they have power to give life or take it away, to gladden or to sadden. Individually they mean nothing; but marshalled, ranked in order by a mighty chieftain, what can they not effect?

And now, there they lay, turned upward, and the Cock which was pictured at the beginning of the alphabet beamed out with feathers, red, blue, and green. Proudly he bridled up and ruffled his plumes, for he knew how great was the power of the letters, how honourable his position.

So, finding the old Horn-book had fallen open, he flapped his wings, flew forth, and perched on a corner of the book-case; there he plumed himself with his beak, and crowed long and loud. Every single book among them all—and they were all wont to stand night and day as in a trance, so long as no one was reading them—every single book was roused by his trumpet-call; and then, when they were all wide awake, the Cock spoke out loudly and clearly about the insult that had been shown towards the worthy, venerable old Horn-book.

“Everything is to be new now-a-days,” he complained; “children are so wise now, they can read before they have learnt the alphabet. ‘Oh, they want something new!’ declared the man who wrote those stupid new verses that now lie sprawling on the floor. I know them well enough; more than ten times over have I heard him read them aloud, he admired them so much. Saving his presence, I prefer my own, the good old rhymes, with Xanthus for X, and with pictures belonging to them. I will fight for them; I will crow for them! Every book in the book-case knows them well. But I will just read

out these absurd new rhymes. I will try and read them patiently, and then I know we shall all agree that they are good for nothing :

“ ‘ *A.—Air.*

The air spreads round us far and wide,  
Above us, and on every side.’

“ ‘ Could anything be more insipid ? ” commented the Cock.  
“ But I will go on :

“ ‘ *B.—Bear ; Boat.*

The Bear roams lonely ; lo, a Boat ;  
Men hunt him for his good warm coat.

“ ‘ *C.—Columbus.*

Columbus seeks America’s shore,  
And the earth grows twice as large as before.

“ ‘ *D.—Denmark.*

Denmark is a bonnie land ;  
God shield it with protecting hand !’

“ Now, that is just what some folk will consider so fine and patriotic,” quoth the Cock. “ I don’t ; I can find nothing fine here. No matter :

“ ‘ *E.—Elephant.*

The Elephant walks with a stately stride,  
Crushing the jungle on either side.

“ ‘ *F.—Fair.*

Fantastic sights are in the Fair.  
Let us see the monkeys and dancing bear.

“ ‘ *G.—Gold.*

Gold ! gold ! bright red gold !  
Heavy to win, and light to hold.’

"I have heard something very like that before," objected the Cock :

"*H.—Hurrah.*

Hurrah ! 'tis an easy word to say ;  
But where is the deed that deserves hurrah ?

"I should like to know how many children will understand that !" exclaimed the Cock. "I suppose they will put on the title-page, 'Horn-Book for Big People and Little;' but the big folk have something else to do besides reading Horn-book rhymes, and the little ones won't be able to understand them. There are limits to everything. Well, what now ?

"*I.—Iceland ; Island ; Ida ; Isaac.*

Iceland, an Island, lies in the sea.  
And Ida and Isaac shall go there with me.'

"Perfectly absurd !" declared the Cock :

"*K.—Kitten ; Kitchen ; Knitting.*

Whilst in the Kitchen we were sitting,  
That frolicsome Kitten tangled my Knitting.'

"As bad as the last !" interjected the Cock. "I don't approve of double rhymes :

"*L.—Lion ; Land.*

Slowly the Lion paces the sand,  
With solemn step, in the Nubian Land.

"*M.—Morning.*

Duly this Morning the sun uprose,  
But not for the noisy cock's loud crows.'

"Personalities !" exclaimed the Cock ; "coarse enough, too.

But, thank you, good man, I am in tolerable company; I don't object to being named along with the sun. Let's try a little further:

“‘*N.—Negro; Night:*

Black as a Negro, black as Night:  
For where is the soap that can wash him white?

“‘*O.—Olive.*

The best of all leaves, which is it?—I know!  
The dove's own Olive begins with an O.

“‘*P.—Patience.*

Patience, Prudence, Peace, and Plenty.  
Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.

“‘*Q.—Queen.*

A quiet Queen went in quest of a Quill.  
For aught I know she is seeking it still.

“‘*R.—River; Reeds.*

The rapid River runs along,  
Reeds and Rushes list his song.

“‘*S.—Swine.*

Proclaim it not, tho' all the Swine  
That in the forest feed were thine.'

“Bear with me, my friends!” said the Cock. “I really must stop and crow a little. It tries one's strength, reading so long; I must get breath.” And then he crowed, shrill as a brass trumpet; it must have been a real pleasure—for the Cock, at least, he always enjoyed it. Then he went on:

“‘*T.—Tea-kettle; Tea-urn.*

The Tea-kettle doth to the kitchen belong,  
Yet the Tea-urn sings not a better song.

“ ‘ *U.—Upsal.*

Upsal is a stately town :  
In the map you'll find the name set down.

“ ‘ *V. W.—Vine ; Wine.*

Oh, graceful doth twine the bonnie green Vine,  
And from its juice we make good Wine.'

“ Now, it is quite impossible,” quoth the Cock, “ that he can have found anything new for X instead of Xanthus. Nay, what have we here ?

“ ‘ *X.—Xantippe.*

The sea of marriage has rocks of strife,  
As Socrates found with Xantippe, his wife.'

“ Well, let him take Xantippe, if he likes. He is welcome. Xanthus was ever so much better :

“ ‘ *Y.—Ygdrasil.*

Under Ygdrasil tree—an ash, they say—  
Sat the gods in council every day ;  
But the tree is dead, and the gods are fled.'

“ What business had he to make a third line of it ? Who wanted more than two, I wonder ? And understand it I don't. But here we come to the last : that's a comfort :

“ ‘ *Z.—Zephyr.*

Sweet Zephyr, the gentle wind from the west.  
Oh, that is the breeze that I love the best !'

“ Well, there's an end of it—in one sense, at least ; I wish we could hear the end of it in the other sense. But, no ! it will be printed and sold and read, instead of the noble old rhymes in my book. What says the assembly, learned and unlearned,

collectively and individually? What says the alphabet? I have spoken; now let others act!"

The books stood still; the book-case stood still; but the Cock flew back to his place at great C in the old Horn-book, and looked proudly around. "I have spoken well—I have crowed well! The new Horn-book can do nothing like it. It will die of a certainty; it is dead already—it has no Cock!"





## THE TOAD.

THE well was deep, and so the rope was long, and the wheel went heavily round, before one could hoist the bucket over the side of the well. The sun could not reach so far as to shine upon the water, however clear the day might be; but as far as it *could* shine, there were green weeds growing between the stones.

A family of the toad race dwelt here. They were emigrants; indeed, they had all come plump down in the person of the old toad-mother, who was still alive. The green frogs who swam in the water had been at home here ever so much longer, but they acknowledged their cousins, and called them "the well-guests." The latter, however, had no thoughts of ever flitting; they made themselves very comfortable here on the *dry land*, as they called the wet stones.

Dame Frog had once travelled, riding in the bucket as it went up; but the light was too much for her, and gave her spasm in the eyes; luckily she got out of the bucket. She fell with a frightful splash into the water, and lay up for three days with the back-ache. She had not much to tell about the upper world, but one thing she did know, and so did all the others now,—that the well was not the whole world. Dame Toad

might have told them a thing or two more, but she never answered any questions, and so they left off asking any.

"Nasty, ugly, squat, and fat she is!" said the young green frogs; "and her brats are getting just like her."

"May be so!" said Dame Toad; "but one of them has a jewel in its head, or else I have it myself."

The green frogs listened and stared, and as they did not like to hear that, they made faces and went to the bottom. But the young toads stretched their hind-legs out of sheer pride. Each of them thought it had the jewel, and so they all kept their heads quite still; but at last they began to ask what sort of thing they had to be proud of, and what a jewel *was* exactly.

"It is something so splendid and so precious," said Dame Toad, "that I cannot describe it; it is something that one wears to please oneself, and that others fret to death after. But don't ask questions; I shan't answer them."

"Well, I have not got the jewel," said the smallest toad, which was as ugly as ugly could be. "How should I have anything so splendid? and, if it vexed others, why, it could not please me. No; all I want is to get up to the well-side, and have one peep out: that would be glorious!"

"Better stay where you are," said the old one. "Here you are at home, and you know what it's like. Keep clear of the bucket, or it may squash you. And even if you get safe into it you may fall out again, and it is not every one that can fall so luckily as I did, and keep legs and eggs all safe and sound."

"Quack!" said the little one, and that means the same as when we men say "Alack!"

It did so long to get up to the well side, and look out; it felt quite a yearning after the green things up yonder. And so next morning, as the bucket was going up, when it happened to stop for an instant before the stone where the toad sat, the little creature quivered through and through, and edged into the bucket. It sank to the bottom of the water, which was presently drawn up, and poured out.

"Phuh, botheration!" said the man when he saw it; "it is the ugliest I have ever seen." He kicked with his wooden shoe at the toad, which was near being crippled, but managed to escape into the middle of some tall stinging nettles. It saw stalks side by side around it, and it looked upwards too.

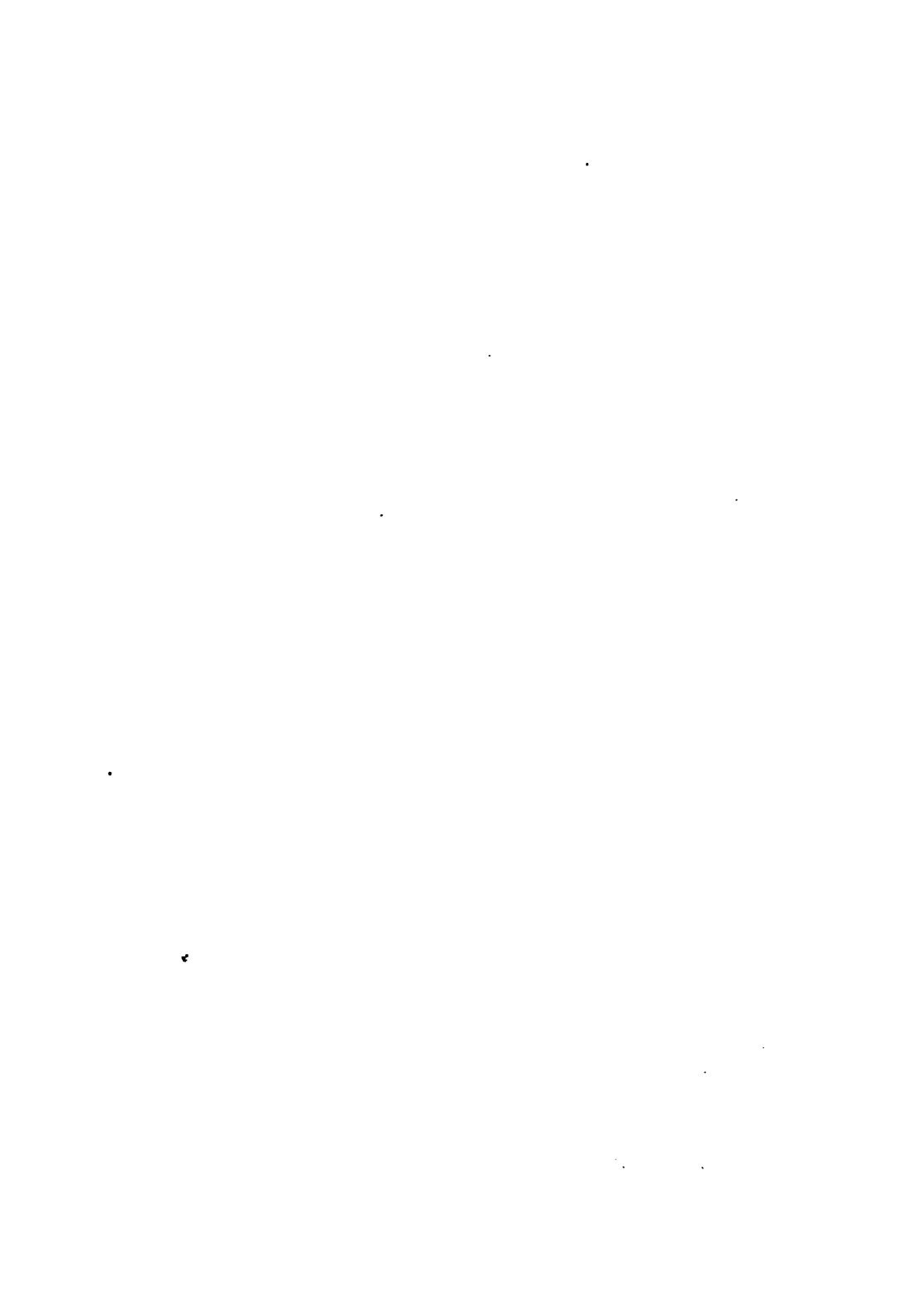
The sun shone on the leaves; they were quite transparent. For the toad it was the same as it is for us men, when we come all at once into a great forest, where the sun is shining between leaves and branches.

"It is much prettier here than down in the well! One might well stop here for one's whole lifetime," said the little toad. It lay there one hour; it lay there two. "Now, I wonder what there is outside; as I have gone so far, I may as well go further." And it crawled as fast as it could crawl, till it came out into the full sunshine, and got powdered with dust as it marched across a high-road.

"This is something like being on dry land," said the toad; "I am getting almost too much of a good thing; it tickles right into me."



THE TOAD.



Now it came to a ditch: the forget-me-not grew here, and the meadow-sweet; beyond it was a hedge of white-thorn and elder-bushes, and the convolvulus crept and hung about it. Here were fine colours to be seen! And yonder flew a butterfly. The toad thought that it was a flower, which had broken loose, in order to look about it in the world; it really seemed so very natural.]

"If one could only get along like that!" said the toad: "Quack—alack, oh, how glorious!"

For eight days and nights it lingered by the ditch, and felt no want of food. The ninth day it thought, "Further—forwards!" But was there anything more beautiful to be found then? perhaps a little toad, or some green frogs: there had been a sound in the wind last night, as if there were "cousins" in the neighbourhood.

"It is a fine thing to live! to come up out of the well; to lie in stinging-nettles; to creep along a dusty road; and to rest in a wet ditch! But forwards still! let us find out frogs or a little toad; one cannot do without them, after all; nature, by itself, is not enough for one!" And so it set out again on its wanderings.

It came to a field and a large pond with rushes round it; it took a look inside.

"It is too wet for you here, isn't it?" said the frogs, "but you are quite welcome. Are you a he or a she?—not that it matters, you are welcome all the same."

And so it was invited to a concert in the evening—a family concert; great excitement and thin voices! we all know that

sort of thing. There were no refreshments, except drink ; but that was free to all—the whole pond, if they pleased.

“Now I shall travel further,” said the little toad. It was always craving after something better.

It saw the stars twinkle, so large and so clear ; it saw the new moon shine ; it saw the sun rise, higher and higher.

“I think I am still in the well, in a larger well ; I must get higher up ! I feel a restlessness, a longing !” And when the moon had grown full and round, the poor creature thought, “Can *that* be the bucket which is being let down, and which I must pop into if I wish to get higher up ? Or is the sun the great bucket ? How great it is, and how beaming ! It could hold all of us together. I must watch for my opportunity. What a brightness in my head ! I do not believe that the jewel *can* shine better. The jewel ! I have it not, and shall not cry after it. No ; higher still in glitter and gladness ! I feel an assurance and yet a fear ; it is a hard step to take, but it must be taken ! Forward ! right on along the high-road !”

And it stepped out, as well as such a crawling creature can, till it came to the great thoroughfare, where the men lived. Here there were flower-gardens and cabbage-gardens. It turned aside to rest in a cabbage-garden.

“What a number of different beings there are, which I know nothing about ! and how great and blessed is the world ! But one must keep looking about one, instead of sitting always in the same corner.” And so it sidled into the cabbage-garden. “How green it is here ! how pretty it is here !”

“That I know well enough !” said the caterpillar on the leaf.

"My leaf is the largest here ; it covers half the world—but as for the world, I can do without it."

"Cluck ! cluck !" said somebody, and fowls came tripping into the cabbage-garden. The foremost hen was long-sighted ; she spied out the worm on the curly leaf, and pecked at it, so that it fell to the ground, where it lay, twisting and turning. The hen looked first with one eye and then with the other, for she could not make out what was to be the end of all this wriggling.

"It does not do this of its own accord," thought the hen, and lifted her head for a finishing stroke. The toad grew so frightened, that it crawled right up against the hen.

"So it has friends to fight for it !" said she ; "just look at the crawler !" and the hen turned tail. "I shan't trouble myself about the little green mouthful ; it only gives one a tickling in the throat." The other fowls were of the same opinion, and away they went.

"I have wriggled away from her," said the caterpillar ; "it is good to have presence of mind, but the hardest task remains, to get up on to my cabbage-leaf. Where is it ?"

And the little toad came forward and expressed its sympathies. It was glad of its own ugliness, that had frightened away the hen.

"What do you mean by that ?" asked the caterpillar. "I got rid of her myself, I tell you ! You are very unpleasant to look at ! Mayn't I be allowed to get back into my own ? Now I smell cabbage ! Now I am near my leaf ! There is nothing so beautiful, as what is one's own. I must go higher up still."

"Yes, higher up !" said the little toad, "higher up ! it feels



just as I feel; but it is not in good humour to day; that comes of the fright. We all wish to get higher up." And it looked up as high as it could.

The stork sat in his nest on the farmer's roof; he clattered, and the stork mother clattered.

"How high they live," thought the toad. "Pity that one can't get up there!"

There were two young students lodging in the farm-house: one of them was a poet, the other a naturalist. The one sang and wrote in gladness of all that God had created, even as its image was reflected in his heart; he sang it out short and clear, and rich in resounding verses. The other took hold of the thing itself; ay, and split it up, if necessary. He treated our Lord's creation like some vast piece of arithmetic; subtracted, multiplied, wished to know it outside and inside, and to talk of it with reason; nothing but reason; and he talked of it in gladness too, and cleverly. They were good, glad-hearted men, both of them.

"Yonder sits a fine specimen of a toad," said the naturalist; "I must have it in spirit."

"You have two already," said the poet; "let it sit in peace, and enjoy itself."

"But it is so beautifully ugly!" said the other.

"Yes, if we could find the jewel in its head!" said the poet, "then I myself might lend a hand in splitting it up."

"The jewel!" said the other. "Much you know about natural history!"

"But is there not something very fine, at least, in the

popular belief, that the toad, the ugliest of creatures, often hides in its head the most precious of all jewels? Is it not much the same with men? Was there not such a jewel hidden in Æsop, and Socrates too?"

The toad heard nothing more; and, even so far, it did not understand half of it. The two friends went on; and it escaped being put into spirit.

"*They* were talking about the jewel, too," said the toad. "I am just as well without it; otherwise I should have got into trouble."

There was a clattering upon the farmer's roof. Father Stork was delivering a lecture to his family, while they all looked down askance at the two young men in the cabbage-garden.

"Man is the most conceited of creatures!" said the stork. "Hark, how they are going on,—clatter, clatter—and yet they cannot rattle off a regular tattoo! They puff themselves up with notions of their eloquence—their language! A rare language, indeed; it shifts from one jabber to another, at every day's journey. Our language we can talk the whole world over, whether in Denmark or in Egypt. As for flying, they can't manage it at all. They push along by means of a contrivance which they call a 'railway,' but there they often get their necks broken. It gives me the shivers in my bill when I think of it. The world can exist without men. What good are they to us? All that we want are frogs and earth-worms."

"That was a grand speech, now!" thought the little toad. "What a great man he is! and how high he sits, higher than

I have ever seen any one before ! and how well he can swim !” it exclaimed, as the stork took flight through the air with outstretched wings.

And Mother Stork talked in the nest. She told of the land of Egypt, of the water of the Nile, and of the first-rate mud that was to be found in foreign parts ; it sounded quite fresh and charming in the ears of the little toad.

“I must go to Egypt,” it said. “Oh, if the stork would only give me a lift ! or one of the young ones might take me. I would do the youngster some service, in my turn, on his wedding-day. I am sure I shall get to Egypt, for I am so lucky ; and all the longing and the yearning which I feel ! surely this is better than having a jewel in one’s head !”

And it had it—the true jewel ; the eternal longing and yearning to go upwards, ever upwards ! This was the jewel, and it shone within it, shone with gladness, and beamed with desire.

At that very moment came the stork. He had seen the toad in the grass, and he swooped down and took hold of the little creature, not over-tenderly. The bill pinched ; the wind whistled ; it was not quite comfortable. But still it was going upwards, and away to Egypt, it knew ; and that was why its eyes glittered, till it seemed as if a spark flew out of them.

“Quack !—ack.”

The body was dead, the toad was killed. But the spark out of its eyes, what became of *that* ?

The sunbeam took it ; the sunbeam bore away the jewel from the head of the toad. Whither ?

You must not ask the naturalist; rather ask the poet. He will tell it you as a fairy tale; and the caterpillar will take a share in it, and the stork family will take a share in it. Think! the caterpillar will be changed, and become a beautiful butterfly! The stork family will fly over mountains and seas far away to Africa, and yet find the shortest way home again to the Danish land, to the same spot, the same roof! Yes, it is all nearly too much like a fairy tale—and yet it is true. You may fairly ask the naturalist about the truth of it; he will admit *that*: and, indeed, you know it yourself, for you have seen it.

But the jewel in the toad's head? Look for it in the sun; look *at* it, if you can.

The splendour is too strong. We have not yet eyes that can look into all the glories which God hath revealed; but some day we shall have them, and that will be the most beautiful fairy tale of all, for we ourselves shall take a share in it.



## THE PORTER'S SON.

THE General's family lived on the drawing-room floor, the Porter's lived in the cellar. There was a great distance between the two families—the whole ground-floor and the grades of society; but both lived under the same roof, and their windows looked out upon the street and the same yard. In this yard there was a blooming acacia—whenever it did bloom; and the smart nurse used to sit under it with the still smarter child, the General's "little Emily." The Porter's little boy, with his large brown eyes and dark hair, used to dance barelegged before them; and the child would laugh at him, and stretch her tiny hands to him; and if the General saw this from his window, he would nod down at them, and say, "*charmant!*" The General's lady, who was so young that she might almost have been her husband's daughter by an early marriage, never herself looked out of the window into the yard; but she had given orders that the cellar-people's boy might play about near her own child, but never touch it. The nurse kept strictly to her ladyship's orders.

And the sun shone in upon those on the drawing-room floor,



THE PORTER'S SON.



and upon those in the cellar. The acacia put forth its blossoms; they fell off, and new ones came again next year. The tree bloomed, and the Porter's little boy bloomed; he looked quite like a fresh tulip.

The General's little daughter grew a delicate child, like the faint rosy leaf of the acacia blossom. She seldom came now under the tree; the fresh air she took in a carriage. She went with mamma for her drives, and she always nodded to the Porter's George; ay, and kissed her fingers at him, till her mother told her that she was now grown too big for that.

One forenoon he had to go up to the General's floor with the letters and newspapers which had been left at the Porter's lodge in the morning. When he had mounted the staircase, and was passing the door of the sand-bin, he heard something wailing inside it. He thought it was a stray chicken chirping to get out; and lo! it was the General's little daughter in muslin and lace!

"Don't tell papa and mamma; they will be so angry!"

"What is the matter, little lady?" asked George.

"It's burning all over!" said she — "it's burning and blazing!"

George opened the door to the little nursery; the window-curtain was nearly burned: the curtain-rod had caught fire, and stood in flames. George sprang up, pulled it down, and called for help; without him there would have been a house on fire.

The General and her ladyship examined little Emily.



"I only just took one match," said she, "and that lighted up, and then the curtain lighted up. I spit all I could, but it was no 'good, and so I came out and hid myself, for papa and mamma would be so angry."

"Spit!" said the General; "what sort of word is that? When did you ever hear papa or mamma talk of spitting? That you have learned downstairs."

But little George got a penny-piece. It did not go to the bun-shop, but into the savings-box; and there were soon so many halfpence that he could buy himself a paint-box, and put colour to his drawings; and of these he had many: they seemed to come out of his pencil and his finger-ends. The first coloured pictures were presented to little Emily.

"*Charmant!*" said the General. Her ladyship herself admitted that one could see clearly enough what the little one meant in his pictures. "There's genius in him!"

Such were the words which the Porter's wife brought down into the cellar.

The General and his lady were people of rank: they had two armorial shields on their carriage, one for each of them. Her ladyship had arms worked on every bit of clothing inside and out, on her nightcap, and on her night-bag. This, her own shield, was a costly one, bought by her father for shining dollars; for he had not been born with it, no, nor she either; she had come into the world prematurely, seven years before the shield of arms; a fact that was remembered by most people, though not by the family. The General's shield was old and large; one's back might well creak with the

dignity of this alone, to say nothing of two shields; and there was a creaking in the back of her ladyship, when stiff and stately she drove to the court-ball.

The General was old and grey, but sat well on horseback: he was quite aware of it, and rode out every day, with a groom at a respectful distance behind him. When he came to a party, it was just as if he came riding in on his high horse, and he wore orders enough to bewilder one; but that was not by any means *his* fault. As a very young man he had performed military duties, by taking a part in the great autumnal reviews, which used to be held in the piping days of peace. Of that time he had an anecdote to tell, the only one he had. His subaltern cut off and took prisoner one of the princes; and the Prince with his little troop of soldiers, prisoners like himself, had to ride back to town behind the General. It was an event never to be forgotten, and the General told and retold it, year after year, always ending with the remarkable words which he had spoken when he returned the Prince's sabre to him: "Only my subaltern could have made your Royal Highness a prisoner, I myself—never!" and the Prince had answered: "Monsieur, you are incomparable!"

In active service the General had never been; for when the war went through his native land, he went on the diplomatic road, through three foreign countries. He talked the French language till he almost forgot his own; he danced well, he rode well, orders grew on his coat in indescribable profusion, the sentinels presented arms to him, one of the

• prettiest of girls presented herself to him,—and she became the General's lady; and they had a pretty babe that seemed to have fallen from the sky, it was so pretty; and the Porter's son danced in the yard before it as soon as it could take notice, and gave it all his coloured drawings; and she looked at them, and was delighted with them, and tore them to pieces. She was such a dear sweet little thing!

“My rose-leaf!” said the General's lady, “thou art born to be a Prince's bride!”

The Prince was already standing outside the door, though nobody knew of it. People cannot see much further than the doorstep.

“T'other day our George shared his bread and butter with her, that he did!” said the Porter's wife. “There was no cheese, nor yet meat with it; yet she relished it every bit as well as roast beef. There'd have been a fine to-do if some folks had seen the little feast; but they didn't see it.”

George had shared bread and butter with little Emily; gladly would he have shared his heart with her. He was a good boy, clever and sprightly; and he now went to the evening school at the Academy in order to learn drawing thoroughly. Little Emily, too, made some progress in learning: she talked French with her “Bonne,” and had a dancing-master.

“George is to be confirmed at Easter,” said the Porter's wife. So far advanced now was George.

“It wouldn't be amiss either to have him 'prenticed,” said

the father, "to something tidy, of course; and so we shall get him out in the world."

"He would come home, though, to sleep at nights," said the mother. "It wouldn't be easy to find a master with a spare room. Clothes, too, we should have to give him:—the bit of food he now eats is easily come at, he can make himself happy with a couple of baked potatoes; and he has his teaching free. Just let him go his own way, and he'll turn out a blessing to us, you may be sure! Didn't the Professor say so?"

The confirmation-clothes were ready. Mother herself did the sewing, but they had been cut out by the jobber, and he knew how to cut them: if he'd only been better placed, and could have opened a shop and taken 'prentices, said the Porter's wife, the man might have become Court tailor.

The clothes were ready, and the candidate was ready. On the confirmation-day George received a great pinchbeck watch from his godfather, the flax-dealer's old shopman, the richest of George's godfathers. The watch was old and well tried: it always went too fast, but that is better than going too slow. This was a splendid present; and from the General's came a hymn-book bound in morocco, sent by the little lady to whom George had presented his pictures. On the fly-leaf stood his name and her name, and "his gracious well-wisher." This was written after the dictation of the General's lady, and the General had read it through, and said, "*charmant!*"

"That was really a great attention from such grand gentle-folk," said the Porter's wife; and George had to go upstairs

in his confirmation-clothes, and with his hymn-book, to show himself and return thanks.

Her ladyship sat in a number of wrappings; and she had one of her bad headaches, which always came when she felt *ennui*. She looked kindly at George, and wished him everything that was good, and none of her headache. The General was in his dressing-gown, and wore a tasseled cap, and boots with tops of red russia. He paced up and down the floor three times, in thoughts and remembrances of his own, stopped still, and said :

“Little George then is now a Christian man! Let him be likewise an honest man, and pay due respect to his superiors! This sentence, some day, when you are old, you can say that the General taught you.”

This was a longer speech than the General was accustomed to make; and he fell back into meditation, and looked imposing. But of all that George heard or saw up there, nothing remained fixed in his memory so clearly as little Miss Emily. How winning she looked, how soft, how fluttering, how fragile! If her portrait was to be painted, it must be in a soap-bubble. There was a fragrance about her clothes and her curly yellow hair as if she were a fresh-blossomed rose-tree. And with her he had once shared bread and butter; and she had eaten it with a sharp appetite, and nodded to him at every mouthful. Could she possibly recollect it still? Surely yes; it was “in remembrance” of this that she had given him the handsome hymn-book. And so, next year, as soon as the New Year’s new moon was shining

he went out of doors with a loaf and a shilling in his hand, and opened the book to see what hymn he should turn up. It was a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. And he opened it again to see what would turn up for little Emily. He was mightily careful not to dip into one part of the book—the place of the funeral hymns; and yet, for all his care, he *did* dip in between death and the grave. This was not the sort of thing to believe in; not a bit of it! and yet frightened he was, when soon afterwards the dainty little girl was laid up in bed, and when the hall-door was visited daily by the doctor's carriage.

"They'll not keep her," said the Porter's wife; "our Lord knows right well whom He will take to Himself."

But they did keep her, and George drew pictures to send her. He drew the castle of the Czar, the old Kremlin at Moscow, exactly as it stood, with turrets and cupolas; they looked like gigantic green and gilt cucumbers—at least, they looked so in George's drawing. It pleased little Emily so much, that in the course of the week George sent some more pictures, all of them buildings; for then she would have plenty to think about, wondering what was inside the door and the windows.

He drew a Chinese house, with bells hanging to all the sixteen storeys. He drew two Greek temples, with slender marble pillars and steps round it. He drew a Norwegian church; one could see it was entirely built of timbers, deeply carved and quaintly set up; every storey looked as if it had cradle-rockers. But most beautiful of all was one design, a castle, which he called "Little Emily's." This was to be her dwelling-place, and so George had imagined it all himself, and

picked out for it whatever seemed prettiest in each of the other buildings. It had carved beams, like the Norwegian church ; marble pillars, like the Greek temple ; a peal of bells on every storey ; and at the top of all, cupolas, green and gilded, like those upon the Kremlin of the Czar. It was a true child's palace ! And under every window was written what the hall or chamber inside was intended for : " here Emily sleeps : " " here Emily dances : " and " here she is to play at ' visitors coming . ' " It was amusing to look at, and looked at it was, you may be sure.

" *Charmant !* " said the General.

But the old Count—for there was an old Count, who was even grander than the General, and had a castle and mansion of his own—said nothing. He had been told that this had been imagined and drawn by the Porter's little son. Not that the boy was so very little now ; indeed, he was confirmed. The old Count looked at the pictures, and had his own quiet thoughts about them.

One morning, when the weather was downright grey, damp, and dismal, it proved one of the brightest and best of days for little George. The Professor at the Art Academy called him into his private room.

" Listen, my lad," said he ; " let us have a little talk together. Our Lord has favoured you with good abilities ; he is now favouring you with good friends. The old Count at the corner house has spoken to me about you. I have seen your pictures also ; between ourselves, we may cross them out, they require so much correction. But henceforward you may come twice a week to

my drawing school, and so learn in time to do better. I believe there is more stuff in you to make an architect than a painter. This you will have time to consider ; but go up at once to the old Count at the corner house, and give thanks to our Lord for such a friend."

It was a fine mansion, that corner house : round the windows were carved figures, both elephants and dromedaries, all of the olden time ; but the old Count was fondest of the modern time, and whatever good it brought, whether out of drawing-room, or the cellar, or the garret.

"I do think," said the Porter's wife, "that the more folks are really grand, the less they are stuck up. You should see the old Count, ever so sweet and affable ! and he can talk, bless you, just like you and me—you won't find that at the General's. There was George yesterday, clean upside down with delight, the Count treated him so graciously ; and I am much the same to-day, after getting a talk with the great man. Wasn't it lucky now, that we didn't 'prentice George to a trade ? The boy has good parts in him."

"But they must have help from outside," said the father.

"Well, and now he has got help," said the mother. "The Count spoke out, plain and straightforward, that he did."

"It was at the General's, though, that it was all set going," said the father : "they must have their turn of thanks too."

"They may have it, and welcome," said the mother ; "yet there's not overmuch to thank them for, I reckon. I'll thank our Lord above all, and thank Him all the more, now that little Emily is coming round again."



Emily kept getting on, and George kept getting on ; in the course of the year he won, first the small silver medal, and then the great one.

“ It would have been better, after all, to have ’prenticed him !” said the Porter’s wife, in tears ; “ we should have kept him here, then. What does he want in Rome ? Never more shall I set eyes on him, even if he ever comes home again ; and that he won’t do, poor dear child !”

“ But it’s for his own good and glory,” said the father.

“ Ah ! it’s all very fine talking, good man,” said the mother, “ but you don’t mean what you say. You are just as down-hearted as I am.”

And it was all true, both as to the grief and the going away. It was a grand piece of luck for the young man, said the neighbours.

And there was a round of leave-taking, including the General’s. Her ladyship did not appear ; she had her bad headache. The General at parting related his only anecdote—what he had said to the Prince, and how the Prince had said to him, “ Monsieur, you are incomparable !” and then he gave George his hand,—his slack old hand.

Emily, too, gave George her hand, and looked almost dismal ; but there was no one so dismal as George.

Time goes on. Whether one is busy or idle, Time is equally long, though not equally profitable. To George it was profitable, and never seemed long, except when he thought of those at home : how were they getting on, upstairs and downstairs ?

Well, tidings were sent of them : and so much may be wrapped up in a letter—both the bright sunshine and the gloomy shade. The shade of death lay in the letter, that told him his mother was left a lonesome widow. Emily had been an angel of comfort : “she had come down below, she had,” wrote mother. As for herself, she added, she had got leave to take father’s post at the Porter’s lodge.

The General’s lady kept a diary : every ball was entered in it, every party she had been to, and every visit she had received. The volume was illustrated with cards of diplomatists, and other grandees. She was proud of her diary ; it increased in growth, season after season, during many great headaches, but also during many bright nights—that is to say, Court balls.

Emily had now been to her first Court ball. The mother was in pink, with black lace—Spanish ; the daughter was in white, so clear, so fine ! green ribbons fluttered, like bulrush-leaves, in her curly yellow locks, and she was crowned with a wreath of white water-lilies. With her sparkling blue eyes, and soft, rosy lips, she resembled a little mermaid, as beautiful as one could imagine. Three princes danced with her, one after another. Her ladyship had no headache for a whole week.

But the first ball was not the last. It was getting too much for Emily ; and so it was well that summer came, with rest and change of air. The family was invited to the castle of the old Count.

This castle had a garden worth seeing. One part of it was quite in the old style, with stiff, green alleys, where one seemed

to be walking between tall green screens, pierced with peeping-holes; box-trees and yew-trees stood clipped into stars and pyramids; water sprang from great grottoes, set with cockle-shells; stone figures stood all round about, of the very heaviest stone, as one could plainly perceive by the faces and draperies; every flower-bed had its own device—such as a fish, an heraldic shield, or a monogram: this was the French part of the garden. From this part one came out, as it were, into the fresh, wild wood, where the trees could grow as they pleased, and were therefore great and splendid. There was a green turf, inviting one's feet to tread on it, well-mown, well-rolled, and well-kept altogether. This was the English part of the garden.

“Olden times and modern times!” said the Count: “here they meet with loving embraces. In about two years the house itself will assume its proper importance. It will undergo a perfect change into something handsomer and better. I will show you the plans, and I will show you the architect; he is coming here to dinner.”

“*Charmant!*” said the General.

“This garden is paradisiacal!” said her ladyship; “and yonder you have a baronial castle.”

“That is my hen-house,” said the Count; “the pigeons live in the tower, the turkeys on the first floor, but in the parlour reigns old Dame Else. She has spare rooms on all sides; this for the sitting hen, that for the hen and chickens, while the ducks have their own outlet to the water.”

“*Charmant!*” repeated the General, and they all went to see the fine show.

Old Else stood in the middle of the parlour, and beside her stood the architect—George! He and little Emily met—after so many years—met in the hen-house.

Ay, there he stood, a comely figure to look at: his countenance open and determined, his hair black and glossy, and his mouth with a smile that said, "There is a little rogue behind my ear, that knows you, outside and inside!" Old Else had taken off her wooden shoes, and stood in her stockings, out of respect for her illustrious visitors. The hens clucked, the cock crowed, and the ducks waddled along, rap, rap. But the pale slender girl, the friend of his childhood, the General's daughter, stood before him; her pale cheeks flushing with the rose, her eyes opening eagerly, and her mouth speaking without uttering a syllable. Such was the greeting he received; the prettiest that any young man could desire from a young lady; unless, indeed, they were of the same family, or had often danced together; but these two had never danced together.

The Count grasped his hand and presented him, saying, "Not a complete stranger, our young friend, Mr. George."

Her ladyship curtsied; her daughter was about to give him her hand, but she did not give it him.

"Our little Mr. George!" said the General. "Old house-friends, *charmant!*"

"You have grown quite an Italian," said her ladyship; "and you speak the language, no doubt, like a native."

Her ladyship could sing Italian, but not speak it, added the General.

At the dinner-table George sat at the right hand of Emily.

The General had led her in; and the Count had led in her ladyship.

George talked, and told anecdotes, and he could tell them well. He was the life and soul of the party; though the old Count could have been so too, if it had suited him. Emily sat silent; her ears listened, her eyes shone, but she said nothing.

They stood, she and George, among the flowers in the verandah behind a screen of roses. It was left to George again to begin speaking.

"Thanks for your kindness to my mother," said he; "I know that, on the night of my father's death, you went down and stayed with her, till his eyes were closed. Thanks!" He raised Emily's hand, and kissed it; he might fairly do so on that occasion. She grew blushing red; but pressed his hand in return, and looked at him with her tender blue eyes.

"Your mother was a loving soul; how fond she was of you! All your letters she brought me to read, so I seem almost to know you. I remember too when I was little, how kind you were to me. You gave me pictures——"

"Which you tore in pieces," said George.

"Nay, I have still my own castle left—that drawing of it."

"And now I must build it in reality!" said George, and grew quite hot himself as he said it.

The General and his lady, in their own rooms, talked about the Porter's son. Why, he could express himself with knowledge, with refinement! "He is fit to be engaged as a tutor," said the General.

"Genius!" said her ladyship; and that was all she said.

Again and again, in those fine summer days, did George come to the castle of the Count. He was missed when he did not come.

"How much more God has given to you than to us ordinary mortals!" said Emily to him. "Are you grateful for that now?"

It flattered George, that this fair young girl should look up to him, and he thought she had rare powers of appreciation.

And the General felt more and more convinced that Mr. George could hardly be a genuine child of the cellar. "Otherwise, the mother was a right honest woman," said he; "that sentence I owe to her epitaph!"

Summer went; winter came; and there was more to tell about Mr. George. He had received notice and favour in the highest of high places. The General had met him at the Court ball.

And now there was to be a ball at home, for little Emily. Could Mr. George be invited?

"Whom the King invites, the General can invite!" said the General, and drew himself up a good inch higher.

Mr. George was invited, and he came. And princes and counts came, and each danced better than the other. But Emily danced only the first dance, for in the course of it she sprained her ankle, not dangerously, but enough to give her pain; and so she had to be prudent, and stop dancing, and look on at the others. And there she sat, looking on, while the architect stood by her side.

"You are giving her the whole of St. Peter's at Rome," said the General, as he passed, smiling like benevolence itself.

With the same smile of benevolence he received Mr. George a few days afterwards. The young man came to thank him for the ball, of course. Was there anything else to say? Yes, indeed, astounding—amazing—raving madness, that was all! The General could scarcely believe his own ears. A "pyramidal declamation!" an unheard-of proposition! Mr. George asked for little Emily as his wife!

"Man!" said the General, and he began to boil, "I cannot understand you! What is it you say? What is it you want? I don't know you. Sir! Fellow! you choose to come and break into my house! am I to stay here, or am I not?" And he backed out into his bedroom, and locked the door. George stood alone for a few moments, and then turned on his heel. In the corridor he met Emily.

"My father answered——?" she asked, with a trembling voice.

George pressed her hand. "He ran away from me,—a better time will come."

There were tears in Emily's eyes: in those of the young man were courage and confidence; and the sun shone in upon them both and blessed them.

In his bedroom sat the General, boiling more and more; boiling over, and sputtering out "Lunacy! Porter-madness!"

Before an hour was past, the General's lady learned it all from the General's own mouth, and she called for Emily, and sat alone with her.

"Poor girl," she said; "to think of his insulting you so, insulting us all! You have tears in your eyes, I see: they are quite becoming to you. You look charming in tears. You remind me of myself on my wedding-day. Go on crying, little Emily."

"That I must, indeed!" said Emily, "unless you and papa say 'yes!'"

"Child," cried her ladyship, "you are ill! you are delirious! and I am getting my dreadful headache! Oh, the miseries that are coming down upon our house! Do not let your mother die, Emily; then you will have no mother."

And her ladyship's eyes were wet: she could not bear to think of her own death.

Among other announcements in the *Gazette* might be seen: "Mr. George, appointed Professor, 5th class, No. 8."

"What a pity his father and mother are in the grave, and can't read it!" said the new porter-folks, who now lived in the cellar under the General. They knew that the Professor had been born and bred within the four walls.

"Now he'll come in for the title-tax!" said the man.

"Well, it's no such mighty matter for a poor child!" said the wife.

"Eighteen rix-dollars a-year!" said the man. "I call it a good round sum."

"No, no; it's the title I'm talking of!" said the wife. "You don't suppose he'll be bothered by having the tax to pay? He can earn as much over and over again, and a rich wife into the



bargain. If we had little ones, good man, a child of ours, too, would some day be architect and professor."

Thus George was well mentioned in the cellar, and he was well mentioned on the drawing-room floor: the old Count took good care of that.

It was the old set of childish picture-drawings that introduced his name. But how came these to be mentioned? Why, the talk turned upon Russia, upon Moscow: and thus one was led right up to the Kremlin, of which our friend George made a drawing once, when he was little, for the little Miss Emily. What a number of pictures he used to draw! one the Count especially remembered—"Little Emily's Castle," with scrolls showing where she slept, where she danced, and where she played at "visitors coming." The Professor had great ability. He might live to be an old veteran privy counsellor—that was not at all improbable: ay, and build a real castle for the young lady before he died—why not?

"That was a strange burst of vivacity," remarked the General's lady, when the Count was gone. The General nodded his head, thoughtfully, and went out riding, with his groom at a respectful distance behind him, and he sat prouder than ever on his high horse.

Little Emily's birthday came, bringing cards and notes, books and flowers. The General kissed her on the brow, and her ladyship kissed her on the lips. They were patterns of parental affection; and they were all three honoured with high visitors—two of the princes. Then there was talk about balls and theatres, about diplomatic embassies, and the government of

kingdoms and empires. There was talk about rising men, about native talent; and this brought up the name of the young professor, Mr. George, the architect.

"He is building for immortality!" it was said; "meanwhile he is building himself into one of the first families."

"One of the first families!" repeated the General, when he was left alone with her ladyship: "which one of our first families?"

"I can guess which was alluded to," said her ladyship; "but I don't choose to speak, nor even think of it. God may ordain it so, but I shall be quite astounded!"

"Astounded!" echoed the General. "Look at me, I haven't a single idea in my head!" and he sank into a reverie, waiting for thoughts to come.

There is an unspeakable power bestowed on a man by a few dewdrops of grace—grace from above—whether the grace of kings, or the grace of God; and both of these combined in favour of little George.

But we are forgetting the birthday.

Emily's chamber was fragrant with flowers, sent by her friends and playmates: on her table lay fine presents, tokens of greeting and remembrance; but not one from George. Gifts from him would not have reached her, but they were not needed; the whole house was a remembrance of him. From the very sand-bin under the stairs peeped a memorial flower, even as Emily had peeped, when the curtain was in flames, and George rushed up as first fireman. One glance out of the window, and the acacia-tree reminded her of the days of child-

hood. Blossoms and leaves were gone, but the tree stood in hoar-frost, like a vast branch of coral; and full and clear between the branches shone the moon, unchanged though ever changing, the same as when boy George shared his bread and butter with baby Emily.

She opened a drawer and took out the pictures,—the Kremlin of the Czar, and her own castle, — keepsakes from George. They were looked on and mused upon, and thought after thought kept rising. She remembered the day when, unmarked by father or mother, she stole down to where the Porter's wife lay breathing her last; she sat by her side, held her hand, and heard her dying words, "Blessing—George!" The mother was thinking of her son. But now, to Emily, the words seemed to bear a deeper meaning. In good truth, George was with her on her birthday.

The next day, as it happened, was another birthday, the General's own, for he had been born the day after his daughter—naturally earlier, many years earlier. Again there came presents; and among the rest a saddle of a peculiar make, and comfortable and costly; there was only one of the princes who had the fellow to it. From whom could it have come? The General was in ecstasy. It bore a little ticket. Now, if this had said, "Thanks for yesterday," any of us could have guessed whom it came from, but the ticket said, "From one whom the General does not know."

"Who in the world is there I do not know?" said the General. "I know everybody," and his thoughts went paying visits in the great world. He knew them all there, one and all.

"It comes from my wife!" he said, at last. "She is making fun of me! *Charmant!*"

But she was not making fun of him; that time was gone by.

Once more there was a feast; but not at the General's. It was a fancy ball given by one of the princes: masking was allowed there.

The General went as Rubens, in a Spanish dress with a small ruff, as upright as his rapier. Her ladyship was Madame Rubens, in black velvet, a high bodice, terribly warm, and her neck in a millstone, that is to say, in a large ruff. She looked the image of a Dutch painting of the General's, the hands in which were especially admired, and were thought exactly like those of her ladyship.

Emily was Psyche, in muslin and lace. She was a floating tuft of swan's-down; she was in no need of wings, and only wore them as the Psyche badge.

It was a scene of pomp and splendour, lights and flowers, magnificence and taste. One had hardly time to pay attention to Madame Rubens and her beautiful hands.

A black Domino, with an acacia flower in his hood, danced with Psyche.

"Who is he?" asked the General's lady.

"His Royal Highness," said the General. "I am quite sure of that. I knew him at once by his hand-salute."

Her ladyship doubted.

General Rubens did not doubt. He drew near the black Domino, and wrote royal initials on the palm of his hand.

They were not acknowledged; but a certain hint was given in return: the motto of the saddle!—"One whom the General does not know!"

"Yet something I do know of you," said the General; "it was you who sent me the saddle."

The Domino waved his hand, and disappeared among the others.

"Who is the black Domino you have been dancing with, Emily?" asked her mother.

"I did not ask his name," she answered.

"Because you knew it! It is the Professor. Your protégé, Count, is there," she continued, turning to the Count, who stood close by; "the black Domino with the acacia flower."

"Very likely, your ladyship," he replied; "but still, there is one of the princes in the same costume."

"I know that hand-salute," said the General. "From the Prince I received the saddle! I feel so sure of my man, that I would ask him to dinner."

"Do so," said the Count; "if it's the Prince he will be sure to come."

"And if it is the other he will not come," said the General; and made his way to the black Domino, who stood talking with the King. The General offered him a most respectful invitation, together with hopes of better acquaintance. The General smiled in full confidence, he knew so well whom he was inviting, and he spoke aloud and distinctly.

The Domino lifted his mask; it was George!

"Does the General repeat his invitation?" he asked.

The General drew himself an inch higher, assumed a stiffer bearing, took two steps backwards, and one step forwards, as if dancing a minuet; and all the gravity and expression he could muster, *all the General*, in short, stood in his fine features.

"I never retract my offers—the Professor is invited!" and he bowed, with a sidelong glance at the King, who might certainly have heard the whole of it.

And thus the General gave a dinner, at which his only guests were the old Count and his protégé.

"My foot under the table!" thought George; "the foundation-stone is laid." And so it was indeed; and it was laid with great solemnity on the part of the General and her ladyship.

The man had come and gone; and, as the General was quite ready to confess, had behaved like a member of good society, and had been vastly agreeable; the General had often found himself repeating his "*charmant*." Her ladyship also talked of her dinner; talked of it to one of the highest and most highly gifted of the Court ladies, and the latter begged an invitation for herself, next time the Professor came. So he must needs be re-invited. And invited he was, and came, and again he was "*charmant*;" he could even play at chess!

"He is not from the cellar," said the General. "Most undoubtedly he is some scion of nobility—there are many such noble scions—and that is not any fault of the young man's!"

Mr. Professor could enter the King's house, and so might very well enter the General's; but strike root there—no! Who could talk of such a thing?—Why, the whole town, that was all.

He did strike root, and he grew. The dew of grace fell from above.

There was nobody, therefore, astonished that, when the Professor became State Counsellor, Emily became *State Counsellor*. "Life is tragedy or comedy," said the General: "in tragedy they die; in comedy they win each other."

Here they won each other. And they won three sturdy boys, though not all at once.

The sweet children rode on sticks from room to room, whenever they came to see grandfather and grandmother. And the General rode on a stick behind them, "as groom for the small State Counsellors!"

Her ladyship sat on the sofa and smiled, even if she had got her bad headache.

So far did George get on in the world, and much farther too; or else it would not have been worth my while to tell the story of "The Porter's Son."





### KEPT CLOSE IS NOT FORGOTTEN.

THERE was an old house with muddy ditches round it; the drawbridge was more often up than down, for not all strange comers are welcome. Under the jutting eaves were loopholes for shooting out arrows, and heaving out boiling water—and sometimes molten lead—down upon the enemy if he came too near. Within doors the rafters stood high aloft, and left room for the smoke that went rolling up out of the huge wet logs upon the hearth. On the walls hung pictures of men in armour, and proud ladies in stiff robes; but the stateliest of them all was living here still; she was called Meta Mogens, and she was the Lady of the Manor.

At eventide there came robbers: they slew three of her men, and the watch-dog to boot, and bound Lady Meta with the dog-chain in the dog-kennel, and seated themselves in the hall above, and drank the wine out of her cellars, and all the good ale.

Lady Meta was chained up like a dog, and she could not even bark at them.



Then came the robbers' horse-boy; he stole out on tiptoe: he knew that he must not be marked, or he would die the death.

"Lady Meta Mogens," said the horse-boy, "dost thou remember in the days of thy husband how my father rode the wooden horse? Thou wouldst fain have begged him off; but there was no help for it; he was left astride on the block. But then thou stolest down, even as now I have stolen down; and thou laidst a little stone under each of his feet, that he might find some rest. None of the household saw it, or, no one chose to see it: thou wert their young, their gracious lady. This my father has told me, and this I have kept close, but not forgotten. Now I set thee free—thee, Lady Meta Mogens;" and so they took steeds from the stable, and rode through wind and weather, and got help.

"That was good help for the small service to the old man!" said Lady Meta Mogens.

"Kept close is not forgotten," said the horse-boy.

As for the robbers, they were hanged.

There stood an old house—it is still standing—not the house where Lady Meta Mogens dwelt; but belonging to another great and noble family.

It is in our own days. The sun shines on the gilded turret-spires, wooded islets lie like nose-gays on the lake, and the wild swans are swimming around them. Roses are growing in the garden; the lady of the house is herself the finest rose-leaf, shining with gladness,—the gladness of good deeds; not outwardly in the wide world, but inwardly in the hearts of men; her image is there kept close, but not forgotten.



KEPT CLOSE IS NOT FORGOTTEN.

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She now goes forth from the great house to an outlying cottage in yonder field. Within it dwells a lonely woman, crippled with aches and pain. The window of her little room opens to the north: no sun comes there; and her only look-out, the patch of meadow, is bounded by a lofty dyke. But to-day sunshine is there: God's beautiful warm sun is in the cottage; it comes from the south through the new window, where till now there was only wall.

The jaded cripple sits in the warm sunshine, and sees wood and water; the world has become wide and beautiful, and all at a single word from the kind lady of the manor.

"The word was so light, the service so small!" she said; "the gladness I gained was unspeakably great and blessed." !

And that is why she performs so many a service; and thinks of all around her in the poor houses, and in the rich ones too—for these are not without their mourners. Her good deeds are done in secret, and kept close, but are not forgotten by our Father!

There was an old house; it was in the middle of the great bustling town. There were halls and chambers in it, but we will not enter them; we remain in the kitchen. It is snug and bright, and the things are clean and tidy. The pots and kettles shine, the table looks polished, the floor is like a fresh-scrubbed larding-board; and all this has been done by a maid-of-all-work, who has still found time to put her own things on, as if she were going to church. There are ribbons on her cap—black ribbons—that betoken mourning. Yet she has no kith or kin to mourn for, neither father nor mother, nor yet sweetheart; she

is a poor solitary serving-maid. Once indeed she was betrothed to one who was just as poor, and they loved each other dearly.

One day he came to her. "We have nothing, we two," he said; "and the rich widow in the cellar yonder has been making up to me. I shall be well off with her; but thou art in my heart. What wilt thou have me do?"

"Whatever thou thinkest best for thee!" answered the maid. "Be good and loving to her; but remember that from the hour we part, we two must never meet again."

A few years had gone by; when she met in the street her former friend and sweetheart. He looked sickly and miserable. Then she could not hold back, she was forced to ask him, "How art thou getting on?"

"Right well, in every way!" said he. "My wife is honest and true, but thou art in my heart. I have fought my fight; it will soon be over. We meet for the last time now, till our Father calls us."

A week had passed. Yesterday's paper told that he was dead; that is why the maid wears mourning. Her sweetheart has left a widow and three stepchildren, the paper said; that rings badly, yet the metal is pure.

The black ribbons betoken mourning; the maid's face betokens it still more; it is kept close in her heart, and it will never be forgotten.

See, there are three stories; three blades upon one stalk. Do you wish for more such clover blades? There are many in the book of the heart, kept close, but not forgotten.



### BROWNIE AND THE DAME.

You have all heard of Brownie, but have you ever heard of the Dame, the Gardener's Dame? She had plenty of reading; knew verses by heart; ay, and could write them herself with ease; except that the rhymes, "clinchings," as she called them, cost her a little trouble. She had gifts of writing, and gifts of speech; and was fit to be the priest, or, at all events, the priest's wife.

"The earth is beauteous in her Sunday gown," said she, and this thought she had set in regular form and "clinchings;" set it up in a ditty, that was ever so fine and long.

The under-schoolmaster, Mr. Kisserup (not that it matters about his name), was a cousin of hers, and on a visit at the

gardener's; he heard the Dame's poem, and it did him good, he said—a world of good. “You have soul, ma'am!” said he.

“Fiddle-de-dee!” said the gardener. “Don't be putting such stuff in her head. Soul indeed! a wife should be a body, a plain decent body, look after her pots and pans, and see that the porridge is not burnt.”

“The burnt taste I can take out of the porridge with a little charcoal,” said the Dame, “and out of you with a little kiss. One might fancy you thought of nothing but greens and potatoes; and yet you love the flowers;” and so saying, she kissed him. “Flowers are all soul!” said she.

“Mind your porridge-pot,” said he, and went off into the garden. This was his porridge-pot, and this he minded.

But the under-schoolmaster sat in the Dame's parlour and talked with the Dame. Her fine words, “Earth is beauteous,” he made the text of a whole sermon, after his own fashion.

“Earth is beauteous, make it subject unto you! was said, and we became the lords. Some rule it with the mind, others with the body. This man is sent into the world like an incorporate note of admiration! that man like a dash of hesitation:—we pause, and ask, Why is he here? One of us becomes a bishop; another only a poor under-master; but all is for the best. Earth is beauteous, and always in her Sunday gown! That was a thought-stirring poem, ma'am; full of feeling and cosmography!”

“You have soul, Mr. Kisserup,” said the Dame, “a great deal

of soul, I assure you. One gains clearness of perception by talking with you."

And so they went on in the same strain, as grand and excellent as ever. But out in the kitchen there was somebody else talking; and that was Brownie—little Brownie, in the grey jacket and red cap—you know him. Brownie sat in the kitchen, playing the pot-watcher. He talked, but nobody heard him except the great black tom cat, "Cream-thief," as the Dame called him.

Brownie was snarling at her, because she did not believe in his existence, he found: true, she had never seen him; but still, with all her reading, she ought to have known he *did* exist, and have shown him some little attention. She never thought, on Christmas Eve, of setting so much as a spoonful of porridge for him; though all his forefathers had got this, and from dames, too, who had had no reading at all: their porridge used to be swimming with cream and butter. It made the cat's mouth water to hear of it.

"She calls me *an idea*!" said Brownie: "that's quite beyond the reach of *my* ideas. In fact, she denies me. I've caught her saying so before, and again just now, yonder, where she sits droning to that boy-whipper, that understrapper. I say with Daddy, 'Mind your porridge-pot.' That she doesn't do: so now for making it boil over."

And Brownie puffed at the fire, till it burned and blazed. "Hubble—bubble—hish!"—the pot boiled over.

"And now for picking holes in Daddy's sock," said Brownie. "I'll unravel a long piece, from toe to heel; so there'll be some-



thing to darn when she's not too busy poetising. Dame poetess, please darn Daddy's stockings."

The cat sniggered and sneezed; he had caught cold somehow, though he always went in furs.

"I've unlatched the larder-door," said Brownie. "There's clotted cream there as thick as gruel. If you won't have a lick, I will."

"If I am to get all the blame and beating," said the cat, "I'll have my share of the cream."

"A sweet lick is worth a kick!" said Brownie. "But now I'll be off to the schoolmaster's room, hang his braces on the looking-glass, put his socks in the water-jug, and make him believe that the punch has set his brain spinning. Last night I sat on the woodstack by the kennel. I dearly love to bully the watch-dog; so I swung my legs about in front of him. His chain was so short he could not reach them, however high he sprang: he was furious, and went on bark—barking, and I went on dingle-dangling; that was rare sport! Schoolmaster awoke, and jumped up, and looked out three times; but he couldn't see me, though he *had* got barnacles on; he sleeps in his barnacles."

"Say *mew*, if Dame is coming," said the cat; "I am hard of hearing: I feel sick to-day."

"You have the licking sickness," said Brownie; "lick away: lick the sickness away. Only be sure to wipe your beard, that the cream mayn't hang on it. Now I'll go for a bit of eaves-dropping."

And Brownie stood behind the door, and the door stood ajar



BROWNIE AND THE WATCH-DOG.



There was no one in the parlour except the Dame and the under-master. They were talking about things which—as the schoolmaster finely observed—ought in every household to rank far above pots and pans—the Gifts of the Soul.

“Mr. Kisserup,” said the Dame, “I will now show you something in that line, which I have never yet shown to any living creature—least of all to a man—my smaller poems—some of which, however, are rather long. I have called them ‘Clingings by a Dannekvinde.’\* ‘I cling to those old Danish designations.’”

“And so one ought,” said the schoolmaster; “one ought to root the German out of our language.”

“I do my best towards it,” said the Dame. “You will never hear me speak of *Butterdeig* or *Kleiner*; no, I call them *paste-leaves* and *fatty-cakes*.”

And she took out of her drawer a writing-book, in a bright-green binding, with two blotches of ink on it.

“There is much in the book that is earnest,” said she: “my mind inclines towards the sorrowful. Here now is my *Midnight Sigh*, my *Evening Red*, and here *When I was Wedded to Klemmensen*—my husband, you know; you may pass that over, though it has thought and feeling. *The Housewife’s Duties* is the best piece—sorrowful, like all the rest; I am strongest in that style. Only one single piece is jocular: it contains some lively thoughts—one must indulge in them now and then—thoughts about—(don’t laugh at me)—about being a poetess! It has hitherto been all between me and my drawer; and now

\* Dannekvinde (gentlewoman): a phrase of the old school.

you make the third of us, Mr. Kisserup. Poetry is my ruling passion; it haunts and worries me—it reigns over me. This I have expressed in my title, *Little Brownie*. You know the old cottage tales about Brownie, who is always playing pranks in the house. I have depicted myself as the house, and my poetical feelings as Brownie, the spirit that possesses me. His power and strength I have sung in *Little Brownie*. But you must pledge me with hands and mouth never to reveal my secret, either to my husband or any one else. Read it aloud, so that I may hear whether you understand the composition.”

And the schoolmaster read, and the Dame listened, and so did little Brownie. He was eavesdropping, you know; and he came up just in time to hear the title of *Little Brownie*.

“Ho! ho!” said he; “that’s my name! what has she been writing about *me*? Oh, I’ll give her tit for tat; chip her eggs, nip her chickens, hunt the fat off her fatted calf: fie upon such a Dame!”

And he listened with pursed-up lips and pricked-up ears; but as he heard of Brownie’s power and glory, and his lordship over the Dame (it was poetry, you know, she meant, but Brownie took the name literally), the little fellow began smiling more and more; his eyes glistened with pleasure; then came lines of dignity in the corners of his mouth; he drew up his heels, and stood on his toes an inch or two higher than usual; he was delighted with what was said about little Brownie.

“I have done her wrong! She is a Dame of soul and high

breeding! She has put me into her 'Clinchings,' and they will be printed and read! No more cream for Master Cat: I shall let nobody touch it but myself. One drinks less than two, so that will be a saving: and *that* I shall carry out, and pay respect and honour to our Dame."

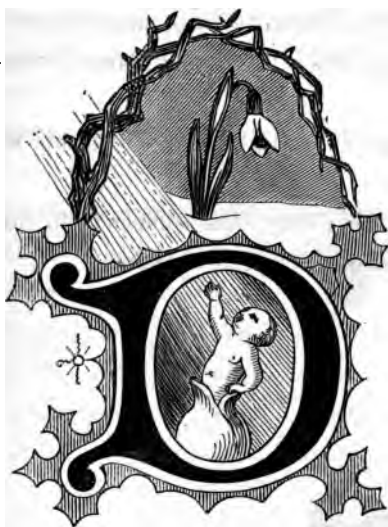
"Ah, he's a man all over, that Brownie," said the old cat. "Only one soft *mew* from the Dame, a *mew* about himself, and he changes his mind in a jiffy! And that Dame of ours, isn't she sly!"

· But the Dame was not sly: it was all because Brownie was a man.

If you cannot understand this story, ask somebody to help you; but do not ask Brownie—no, nor yet the Dame.



## THE SUMMER-GOWK.\*



EEP lay the snow, for it was winter time, the air was cold, the wind sharp: but within doors all was snug and warm. And within doors lay the flower; in its bulb it lay, under earth and snow.

One day there fell rain; the drops trickled through the snow coverlet, down into the earth, and stirred against the flower-bulb, telling of the world of light above.

And presently a sunbeam, pointed and slender, came piercing its way to the bulb, and tapped on it.

\* *Sommergjæk* (meaning *summer-dupe*) is a Danish name for the snowdrop. Among ourselves *gowk* and *gawky* (like *Gauch* in German) are common provincial terms for a cuckoo, or for a fool. "In the north of England," says Brand (in his *Popular Antiquities*), "April fools are called 'April Gouks.'" The form *geck* (also used in Germany) was to be found here in the time of Shakespeare. Malvolio, for instance, complains that he has been "made the most notorious *geck* and gull, that e'er invention played on." *Twelfth-night*, Act v. Sc. 1.

"Come in," said the flower.

"That I can't," said the sunbeam: "I am not strong enough to lift the latch. I shall be strong in summer."

"When will it be summer?" asked the flower; and it asked this again, whenever a sunbeam pierced down to it. But summer was still far away: the ground was covered with snow, and every night there was ice on the water.

"How long it is! how long it is!" said the flower. "I feel quite cribbed and cramped. I *must* stretch myself: I *must* raise myself: I *must* lift the latch and look out, and nod good-morrow to the summer; and that will be a merry time!"

And the flower rose and strained from within, against the thin shell that had been softened by the rain, warmed by the earth and snow, and tapped upon by the sunbeam. It shot up from under the snow, with a pale-green bud on its tender stalk, and narrow thick leaves, that curled around it for a screen. The snow was cold, but glittering with light, and easy enough to push through: and here came the sunbeams with greater strength than before.

"Welcome! Welcome!" sang every sunbeam: and the flower raised itself above the snow, up into the world of light. The sunbeams kissed and caressed it, till it fully unfolded itself, white as snow, and decked with green stripes. It bowed its head in gladness and humility.

"Beautiful flower!" sang the sunbeams. "How fresh thou art, and pure! Thou art the first one: thou art the only one! Thou art our darling! Thou art like a bell ringing up the summer, lovely summer, over towns and fields. All snow shall



melt: the cold winds be chased away: we shall reign, and all things will grow green. Then thou wilt have fellowship, the lilacs and laburnums, and last of all the roses. But thou art the first, so tender and so pure!"

This was a deep delight to the flower. It seemed as if the air it breathed was music, and as if its leaves and stem were full of thrilling sunbeams. There it stood, so fine and fragile, and yet so vigorous, in the beauty of youth: stood in its white kirtle with green bands, and praised the summer. But summer was not yet come; clouds began to hide the sun: sharp winds blew down upon the flower.

"Thou art a little too soon," said Wind and Weather. "We still hold sway: this thou shalt feel to thy cost! Why not have kept indoors, instead of running out here in thy finery? it is not time for that yet!"

It was biting cold. The days came, and never brought a sunbeam. It was weather to freeze it to pieces, such a delicate little flower! But there was more strength in it than it knew of. It was strong in its glad faith in the summer, that must be near; for thus its own heart had foretold it, and the sunbeams had confirmed the tale. And so with patient hope it stood in its white dress, in the white snow, bowing its head when the flakes fell thick and heavy, and when icy blasts came driving over it.

"Crouch, cringe!" they howled. "Wither, and starve! What doest thou here in the cold? Thou hast been lured abroad; the sunbeam hath mocked thee. Now make the best of it, thou summer-gowk!"

"Summer-gowk!" echoed the keen airs of morning.

"A summer-gowk!" shouted children, who came down into the garden; "there it stands, so pretty, so beautiful: the first, the only one!"

And the words did good to the flower; they were like warm sunbeams. In its gladness it never once noticed that it was being plucked. It lay in a child's hand, was kissed by a child's mouth, brought into a warm room, gazed at by kind eyes, and set in water—so strengthening, so enlivening. The flower thought it had passed into the middle of summer.

The daughter of the house was a pretty little lass, just confirmed, and she had a little sweetheart, also just confirmed, who was studying for his livelihood. "He shall be my summer-gowk," said she; and took the fine flower, and laid it in a scented paper, that was written all over with verses about the flower, beginning with *summer-gowk*, and ending with *summer-gowk*—"now, sweetheart, be my winter-fool!"—she had mocked him with the summer. Yes, that was the meaning of the verses. They were folded up as a letter, and the flower was slipped inside, and there it lay all in the dark, as dark as when it lay in the bulb. It had to go on a journey, squeezed into the corner of a post-bag; this was not at all pleasant, but it came to an end at last.

The journey was over, the letter was opened, and read by the young sweetheart. He was so delighted, he kissed the flower. It was locked up, with the verses around it, in a drawer, where there were many charming letters, but without a single flower in them. Here again it was the first, the only one, as

the sunbeams had called it, and that was something to think about.

It was left to think at leisure for a long time; and it went on thinking throughout the summer, and throughout the winter, till another summer came round: then it was drawn forth again. But this time the youth looked by no means delighted. He gripped hold of the papers, and flung away the verses, so that the flower dropped out on the floor. Flattened and withered as it was, still it ought not to have been thrown down on the floor; yet, after all, it was better off there than in the fire, where the verses and letters were blazing. What could have happened? What happens so often. The flower had mocked him; that was a joke: the maiden had mocked him; that was no joke: she had chosen another sweetheart for this midsummer.

The next morning the sun shone in on the little flattened summer-gowk, that looked as if it was painted on the floor. The servant girl, who was sweeping, picked it up and placed it in one of the books on the table; for she fancied it must have fallen while she was routing about and putting things in order. And again the flower lay between verses—printed verses; and those are grander than written ones; at all events they cost more.

Years passed away, and the book stood still on its shelf. At length it was taken down, opened, and read. It was a good book: songs and poems by the 'Danish poet, Ambrosius Stub, who is well worth knowing. The man who was reading turned a page of the book. "So here is a flower!" said he; "a summer-gowk! Not without meaning does it lie here. Poor

Ambrosius Stub ; he too was a summer-gowk, a poet-gowk. He came before his time ; and so he had to face sharp winds and sleet, on his rounds among the gentlemen of Fünen. Set up for a show, like the flower in a glass ; sent on for a jest, like the flower in a valentine ; he was a summer-gowk, a winter-fool, all fun and foolery ; and yet the first, the only Danish poet of the time ; and still, in his youthful freshness, the first, the only one ! Ay, lie as a mark in this book, little summer-gowk : thou art laid here with some meaning."

And thus the summer-gowk was put back again into the book, and felt honoured and delighted with learning that it was a mark in a beautiful song-book ; and that he who had first written and sung about the flower had himself been a summer-gowk, and played the fool in winter. Now the flower understood this in its own way, just as we understand anything in our way.

This is the fairy-tale of the *Summer-gowk*.



## FLITTING-DAY.



PERHAPS you remember Ole, the watchman on the tower. I have told of two visits to him; now I will tell you of a third, though not the last one.

( It has generally been at New-year's time that I have gone up to him; but this time it was Flitting-day, when the lower town is unpleasant; the streets are so littered with heaps of

rubbish, broken chairs, and crockery—not to speak of fusty old bed-straw which one has to go trampling under foot. Well, there I came; and, in the middle of these outpourings of the

lumber-room and dustbin, I saw two children at play: they were playing at going to bed; it looked so inviting here for that game, they thought. Yes, they snuggled down in the live straw, and drew some tattered old scrap of hanging over them for a counterpane. "That was beautiful," they said. It was too beautiful for me; so I hurried off, and went up to Ole.

"It is Flitting-day," said he. "Streets and alleys serve as dustbins, dustbins on a grand style; but a single cartload is enough for me. I can always pick something out of it; and so I did, soon after Christmas. I was plodding down a street, all was damp and raw, and puddly—just the place and weather to catch cold in. The dustman had drawn up his cart there, brimful; it was a kind of pattern-book of Copenhagen streets on Flitting-day. At the back of the cart stood a pine-tree, still quite green and hung with tinsel. It had been the centre-piece of a Christmas show: now it was turned out into the streets, and the dustman had stuck it up behind on his dustheap; a sight to laugh at or to weep over—yes, one might go so far as that—it all depends upon the turn of one's thoughts. Now *I* fell a-thinking, and so did some of the odds and ends that lay in the cart; or at least they may have fallen a-thinking, which is nearly the same thing. Here lay a torn lady's-glove: what was this thinking of? Shall I tell you? It lay pointing its little finger straight at the pine-tree. 'That pine-tree moves me,' it thought. '*I* too have been to the feast, among the lighted lustres. I live out my life one ball-night. A squeeze of the hand, and I burst. I have nothing more to live for.' Thus thought the glove, or thus it may have thought. 'Oh, the poor,

flat taste of that pine-tree!" said the potsherds. Broken crockery, we know, finds everything flat. 'When one has come to the dustcart,' said they, 'it is time to give up one's fine airs and tinsels. As for ourselves, we have done some service in the world—more service than a stick of greenery like that!' See, now, that was taking another view on the subject, and many people take it; yet still the pine-tree looked well, and it was a bit of poetry on the dustheap: there are many such to be found in the streets on Flitting-day. But the roads down there were heavy and wearisome, and I longed to get away, back to my tower, and to remain up there; for here I sit, and look down from above and indulge my humour."

Down below there the good folks are playing at *Change Houses*.\* They work hard to pack up and pack off with their moveables: and the house-goblin sits on the cart-tail and moves along with them. Household squabbles, family broils, sorrows, and cares move away from the old threshold to the new: and where is the gain, or how much can we keep of it? Truly, that has been told us long ago, in the good old verse in the advertising columns:

"Remember Death's great Flitting-day!"

It is an awful thought, but one finds a certain strange pleasure in dwelling on it. Death ever has been, and ever will be, the trustiest of all officials, in spite of his many petty offices. Many they are indeed: have you ever thought them over?

\* A childish game, in which all change places, something like *puss in the corner*.



DEATH'S FLITTING DAY.





Death is an omnibus conductor; he is a passport writer; he sets his name to our testimonials; and he is the director of life's great savings'-bank. Can you understand this? All our earthly doings, great and small, are deposited in that *savings'-bank*. Then, when Death comes up with his Flitting-day omnibus, and we must needs get in, and be driven to Eternity-land, he gives us our testimonials on the frontier as a passport. For our diet-money on the journey, he draws out of the savings'-bank one or other of our doings—whichever of them most distinctly marks our conduct: this *may* look delightful to us, but it *may* look horrible.

Nobody has yet escaped that omnibus. Tales are told, indeed, of one who was not allowed to get in, — *Jerusalem's shoemaker* ;\*—he has still to run behind it: if he had managed to get in, he would have escaped the treatment given him by the poets.

Take an imaginary peep into the great Flitting-day omnibus. What a motley fellowship! There sit, side by side, kings and beggars, the genius and the idiot. Away they must go, without goods or gold; with nothing but their testimonials, and their diet-money, out of life's savings'-bank. But of each man's doings, which one has been drawn out and given him? Perchance a very small one, no bigger than a pea: yet a branching vine may shoot out of it.

The poor outcast, who was set on a low stool in the corner, and got thumps and hard words, is given perhaps the battered

\* The Wandering Jew.

stool to take, as a token and a pledge; the stool will become a car to bear him to the land of eternity; and there spread into a throne, glittering like gold, and blooming like a bower.

He who has always been tippling from the spicy cup of pleasure, and thus forgetting his other faults and follies, now receives a wooden keg as his portion; he is forced to drink out of it on his journey, and the draughts are pure and cleansing, so that his thoughts are cleared, his better and nobler sentiments are awakened, and he sees and feels what hitherto he could not or would not see; and thus he bears within himself his own punishment, *the gnawing worm that never dies*. If the motto of his wine-cup was *Forgetfulness*, the motto of this keg is *Remembrance*.

Whenever I read a good book, an historical work, I cannot help picturing to myself the person of whom I am reading, at the last stage of all, when he begins to get into Death's omnibus. I cannot help thinking which of his doings Death has given him out of the savings'-bank, and what sort of diet-money he has received on his way to Eternity-land. Once on a time there was a French king—I forget his name; the good man's name is sometimes forgotten by you and me, but will surely come to light again:—it was a king who, in time of famine, became the benefactor of his people; and the people raised him a monument of snow, with the inscription, "Quicker than this melts, thou didst help!" I think Death must have given him, with reference to the monument, one single snowflake, that would never melt; and it flew like a white butterfly above his kingly

head, onward into the deathless land. Again, there was Louis the Eleventh—his name now I *do* remember; one always remembers what is bad,—a sample of his doings often comes into my mind; I only wish one could say the story was a lie.

He had his constable beheaded; that he might do, justly or unjustly; but the constable's innocent children, the one eight, the other seven years old, he posted on the same scaffold, and had them spattered with their father's warm blood; and then they were led to the Bastile and set in an iron cage, without so much as a blanket to cover them. And every eighth day, King Louis sent them the headsman to pull a tooth out of each of them, for fear they should get used to their misery. And the elder one said, "My mother would die of sorrow if she knew my little brother suffered so much; pray pull out two teeth of mine, and let him go free." And the headsman had tears in his eyes at hearing this; but the king's will was stronger than the tears; and every eighth day a silver dish was brought to the king, with two children's teeth on it: and as he had demanded them, so he had them. Two teeth, I think, were what Death drew out of life's savings'-bank for King Louis the Eleventh, that he should take them with him on his journey to the deathless land. They flew like two fire-flies before him; they glowed, they burned, they stung him, those innocent children's teeth.

Yes, an awful drive it is, that omnibus drive on the great Flitting-day! And tell me, when is our turn coming?

That is what makes it so very awful; that every day,

every hour, every minute we may expect the omnibus. Which of our doings will it be that Death will draw out of the savings'-bank and give us for our journey? Ay, let us think it over! That Flitting-day is not to be found in the Almanack,



## PETER, PETERKIN, AND PERKIN.

WHAT children know now-a-days is almost past belief. There's no knowing what they don't know. That the stork has fetched them up out of the well, or the mill-pond, and brought them in their babyhood to father and mother, is now such an old story, that they don't believe in it; and yet it is the simple truth.

But how come the babies to be down in the well or the mill-pond? Ah! not everybody knows that; but some people do know it. Have you ever looked well at the sky on a clear night, and watched the many shooting stars? It is just as if a star fell and vanished. The most learned cannot explain what they do not know themselves: but when one does know a thing one can explain it. It is a little Christmas-candle, as it were, falling from heaven, and going out. It is a soul-spark from our Lord, that travels down to earth, losing its light in our heavy close atmosphere, until our eye cannot see what remains; for it is something much finer than our air. It is a heaven-child that is sent us: a little angel, but without wings, for the little one must grow up as a man. It glides gently through the air; and the wind wafts it into some flower, a violet may-be, or a dandelion, a rose, or a ragged-robin: there it rests, to gather health and strength. It is

light and airy: a fly might fly away with it, not to speak of a bee: and these come by turns to the flower, in search of nectar. Now, if an air-child lies in their way, they do not whisk it out; they have not the heart to do that; they lay it in the sun on a water-lily leaf. Then it crawls and creeps off the leaf, down into the water; and there it sleeps and grows bigger, till the stork can see it, and fetch it up for some human family, that wants to have a sweet little one: but whether sweet or not, all depends upon whether the little one has drunk clear water, or has swallowed mud and duckweed the wrong way; that is what makes one so earthy. The stork takes the first he sees, at haphazard. One of them comes into a good house, to first-rate parents: another comes to hard folk, in abject poverty — 'twould have been much better to stop in the mill-pond.

The babes cannot at all remember what they dreamed under the lily-leaf, where in the evening the frogs sang to them—“Creek! creek! queek! queek!”—which means in man’s language, “Make haste, and go to sleep, and dream.” Nor yet can they remember what flower it was they lay in first of all, nor how it smelt: and yet there is something within them, even when they are grown-up men, that says—“Such or such a flower we like best;” and that is the one they lay in while they were air-children.

The stork becomes a very old bird, and always takes an interest in the babies he has brought us; in their welfare and their conduct here on earth. Not that he can do them any good, or change their lot in any way; he has his own family to care for; but he never lets them slip out of his mind.

I know an old and very worthy stork, who has had great experiences, and fetched a great many babies, and knows their histories, in which there is always a little mud and duckweed out of the mill-pond. I begged him to give me a short life-sketch of one of them: and so he said I should have three instead of one, out of Petersen's house.

It was a remarkably nice family, Petersen's. He himself was one of the City's upper two-and-thirty—and that was some distinction! He lived and moved in the two-and-thirty and for the two-and-thirty. Hither came the stork, and brought a little Peter, as the child was named. Next year came the stork with one more; him they called Peterkin: and when the third was brought, he got the name of Perkin: for the names Peter, Peterkin, and Perkin keep up the name of Petersen.

There came these three brothers, then, three star-shots, cradled each in his own flower, laid one after another on a water-lily leaf, and so down into the mill-pond, and fetched up again by the stork to the Petersen family, whose house is at the corner, as you know.

They grew both in body and soul, and soon had a mind to be something more than members of the upper two-and-thirty.

Peter said he would be a robber. He had seen the play of "Fra Diavolo," and had determined to take up the robber-business, as the most delightful in the world.

Peterkin would be a rattle-man:\* and Perkin, a good, sweet child, plump and round, whose only fault was biting his nails—

\* *Rattle-man, a dustman*, who in Denmark sounds a rattle instead of crying "Dust-ho!"



Perkin would be "Papa." That was what each said, when one asked them what they wished to be in the world.

In due time they went to school. One took the lead and one the rear, and one went betwixt and between them. But still they might all three be equally good, and equally clever: and so they were, said their wise parents.

They danced at children's balls; they smoked cigars when nobody saw them; they increased in knowledge and knowingness.

Peter was quarrelsome from the very cradle, just as a robber ought to be. He was a very naughty boy; but that came, said mother, from his having worms: naughty children always have worms—mud in the stomach, that's it! His headstrong and quarrelsome humours burst out, one day, over mother's new silk gown.

"Don't push against the teatray, mother's lambkin," she said to him; "you might upset the cream-jug, and spatter my new silk gown."

And "mother's lambkin" grasped hold of the cream-jug, and poured the cream straight into mother's lap, who could not help saying: "Lambkin, lambkin; that was not nice of you, lambkin:" yet the child, she must admit, had a will of his own! Will shows character; and that is always promising—to a mother.

He seemed not at all unlikely to be a robber some day, but he never became the thing itself; nothing but a sort of stage-robber, with his wide-awake hat, his bare neck, and long loose hair. He set up for an artist, but only got into the



PETER.



clothes of one, and looked like a stuck-up hollyhock: all the people he painted looked like hollyhocks, they were so lanky. He was very fond of the flower; indeed, he had lain in a hollyhock, said the stork.

Peterkin had lain in a buttercup. He looked so yellow and buttery round the corners of his mouth, one could not help believing that, if one cut his cheek, butter would come out of it. He seemed born to be a butterman, and might have stood for his own sign-board: but inwardly he was heart and soul a "rattle-man." He was the musical member of the family Petersen, "and quite enough for the whole set of them," said the neighbours. He composed seventeen new polkas in one week, and made them up into an opera with trumpet and rattle.

Phew! how fine it was

Perkin was red and white, little and commonplace. He had lain in a daisy. He never hit again when the other boys struck him; he said that he was the wisest, and that the wisest always give way. He made collections, first of slate pencils, then of seals; and at last he had a little cabinet of natural curiosities, in which there was a skeleton of a stickleback, three blind young rats in spirit, and a stuffed mole. Perkin had a taste for science, and an eye for nature: and that was delightful for his parents, and for Perkin too. He liked the wood better than school, nature better than discipline. His brothers were already engaged to be married, while he still lived only to complete his set of seagulls'-eggs. He knew a great deal more about beasts than man; and he maintained that we are no match for the

beasts in what we prize highest—*love*! He saw that when the she nightingale brooded over her eggs, the father nightingale sat by, and sang all night for his little wife, “Kluck-kluck!\* Zi zi! lo lo li!” Perkin could never have managed that, nor taken so much trouble about it. When the Stork-mother lay with her young in the nest, Stork-father stood all night upon one leg on the rooftop. Perkin could not have stood so for one hour. And one day, when he was examining a spider’s web, and what sat in it, he gave up then and there all thoughts of matrimony. Mr. Spider spins to catch the heedless flies, young or old, full-blooded or weather-beaten; he lives for spinning and feeding his family: but Mrs. Spider lives for nothing else but papa. She eats him, head, and heart, and stomach; only his thin long legs remain in the cobweb, where he used to sit as provider for the whole family. That is a simple fact, fresh out of natural history. Perkin saw the deed done, and thought it over. “Fancy being cherished by one’s wife like that; eaten by her in hungry love! No, a man cannot go so far as that! And is it to be wished he should?”

Perkin resolved never to marry; never to give or take a kiss, for that might be the first step towards matrimony. But one kiss he took, however—the one we all have to take—the hearty kiss of Death. When we have lived long enough Death gets the order, “Kiss him away.” Man is kissed away. From our Lord then flashes a sun-blink, so strong that it brings black into one’s eyes. Man’s soul, that came hither as a

\* This “kluck-kluck” we call jug-jug

shooting star, flies again hence as a shooting star; but not to rest in a flower, or to dream under a water-lily leaf. It has weightier matters before it; it flies into the vast eternity-land; but the life there, and the sights to be seen, nobody can tell us. Nobody has peeped into it, not even the stork, far as he can see, and much as he may know. He knew nothing—not the smallest atom—more about Perkin; he *did* know something more of Peter and Peterkin; but I had heard quite enough about them, and so have you too! So I made my bow to the stork for the present: but now, only think, for this commonplace little story he is asking for three frogs and a young snake; he takes his pay in victuals. Will you pay him? I won't! I have got neither frogs nor young snakes.





### THE LITTLE GREEN ONES.

IN this window stood a rose-tree lately blooming with youth; but now it looked sickly: something ailed it.

It had got a company quartered on it that was eating it up; otherwise a most respectable company, in green uniform.

I had a talk with one of them: he was only three days old, and already a great-grandfather. What do you think he said? He spoke of himself and the whole company; and all that he said was true:—

“We belong to the most remarkable regiment in the world. In the warm season we bear our young alive, to enjoy the fine weather, and we are all betrothed and wedded as soon as born. When the days grow colder we lay eggs, which are snug beds for the little ones. That wisest of creatures, the ant—we feel a profound respect for it—looks after us, and highly values us.

It does not eat us at once: it takes our eggs, and stores them up in its great family mansion, on the ground floor; laying them side by side, and layer upon layer, so artfully arranged that they are hatched every day in regular succession. Then the ants set us in stalls, and stroke us down the hind legs, till they milk us to death. Nothing can be more delightful! They give us the prettiest of names: 'sweet little milch-cow.' That is what we are called by little creatures, with the sharp wits of an ant. But men—and this indeed is enough to vex one, enough to curdle up one's honey-dew!—cannot you write against it? cannot you set them right, these men?—they glare at us, and look glum because we feed on a rose-leaf, while they themselves eat every living creature, and everything that grows green upon earth. They give us the vilest name—the nastiest name; I shall never name it: ugh! it sickens me. No, I cannot utter it; at least not in full uniform, and I am always in uniform.]

"I was born on a rose-tree leaf, and I and the whole regiment live upon the rose-tree; but then in us it lives again; and we belong to the higher order of creation. Men cannot bear us; they come and poison us with soapsuds; that is a filthy drink: I think I smell it now. It is an awful thing to be washed when one is not born to be washed.

"Man! thou that lookest at me with those cruel soapsuddy eyes, consider our place in nature; our heaven-gifted cleverness in laying eggs, or in rearing young. We have a share in the blessing—'Increase and multiply.' We are born in roses: we die in roses: our whole life is poetry. Stamp us not with the



name which seems to thee the ugliest and most loathsome of all. That nameless name—I will not breathe it! Call us the milch-cow of the ant, the regiment of the rose, or the little green ones.”

And I, the man, stood and looked at the tree; and at the little green ones, whose name I am not to say, for fear of offending a rose-citizen, a large family, with eggs and living young. “The soapsuds, with which I was just about to wash them”—for I had come with soapsuds and wicked intentions—“I will now” (I thought) “whip into froth, and blow into bubbles, and look at their splendour; perchance there may be a fairy tale in each.” And the bubble swelled with glowing colours, and inside it there lay something like a silver pearl at the bottom. It floated, swaying to and fro, flew against the door and burst: but the door sprang open, and there stood Dame Fairytale herself.

“And now, your fairy ladyship can speak better than I can about—I must not name that other name!—about the little green ones.”

“The plant-lice!” said Dame Fairytale. “One ought always to call a thing by its right name; and even if one may not do so in common talk, at least one may do so in a fairy tale.”



## AUNTY.

You should have known Aunty. She was so charming. Yes; that is to say, not at all charming in the usual sense of charming, but sweet and quaint, and funny in her own way; just the thing, in short, to chat about, when one feels in the mood for gossiping and laughing. She was fit to be put in a play; and that simply and solely because she herself lived for the play-house, and all that goes on in it. She was far above any scandal; and even Commercial Agent Bigg (or Pig, as Aunty called him,) could only say she was play-house mad.

"The theatre is my schoolroom," said she; "my fountain of knowledge. There I have rubbed up my old Bible history; take *Moses*, for instance, or *Joseph and his brethren*, they are operas now. It is there that I have studied my General History, my Geography and foreign Manners and Customs. From French pieces I have learned Paris-life—rather naughty, but highly interesting. How I have cried over the *Riguebourg Family*; to think that the husband must drink himself to death, and all to let his wife get her young sweetheart. Ay, many and many's the tear I've shed, all those fifty years of play-going."

Aunty knew every piece, every bit of scenery, every actor that came on, or ever had come on. She could hardly be said to live, except in the nine theatrical months. A summer without a summer spectacle was enough to age her; while a play-night that lasted till morning was a prolongation of life. She did not say like other people, "We shall soon have spring: the stork is come!" or "There is news in the paper of the early strawberries!" No; the autumn was what she announced, thus: "Have you seen the Box Office is open? They'll soon begin the performances."

She reckoned the worth of a house and its situation by its distance from the theatre. It was grief to her to leave the narrow court behind the theatre, and flit to the wide street a little further off, and live there without any opposite neighbours.

"At home my windows should be my theatre-box. One can't sit there in the dumps, never seeing a soul. But where I live now I seem to be clean out in the country: not a living creature in sight unless I go into the back kitchen, and clamber up on the sink; that's the only way of getting at my neighbours. Now, in that old court of mine, I could look right into the flax-dealer's; and then I had only three hundred steps to take to the theatre: now it takes me three thousand steps, and life-guardsmen steps too."

Aunty might sometimes be out of sorts; but, well or ill, she never neglected the theatre. Her doctor ordered her, one evening, to put her feet in poultices; she did as he told her; but rode off to the theatre, and sat there with her feet in poultices. If she had died there, she would have been con-

tented. Thorvaldsen died in the theatre; this she called "a blessed death." .

She could not form any notion of heaven if there was to be no theatre there. It was not exactly promised us: but only think of all the great actors and actresses who had gone before; surely they must find some fresh scene of action.

Aunty had her own electric wire from the theatre to her room; the telegram came every Sunday to coffee. Her electric wire was "Mr. Sivertsen of the stage-machinery department." It was he who gave the signals for up or down, on or off, with the curtain and scenery.

From him she received a brief and business-like report of the coming pieces. Shakespeare's *Tempest* he called "wretched stuff! there is so much to set up! why, it begins with water to back-scene No. 1." That was to say, that so far backward stretched the rolling billows. On the other hand, if a piece could get through five acts without a single change of decorations, he pronounced it sensible and well-constructed; a steady-going piece that could play itself, without any pushing or pulling.

Aunty used to talk about "a goodish time back," meaning some thirty and odd years, when she and Mr. Sivertsen were both younger; how he was then already in the machinery department, and how he became her "benefactor." In those days it was the custom, at the great and only theatre of the town, to admit spectators into the cockloft; every carpenter could dispose of one or two places. It was soon choke full; and the company was very select; the wives of generals and aldermen

had been there, it was said ; it was so interesting to look down behind the scenes, and observe how the performers stood and moved, when the curtain was down.

Aunty had many times been there ; especially to tragedies and ballets : for the pieces that required the largest *personale* were the most interesting to see from the cockloft. One sat up there in darkness pretty nearly. Most people brought their suppers with them. Once three apples, a slice of bread and butter, and a sausage-roll, came straight down into the prison where Ugolino and his sons were just about to die of hunger. This sausage-roll produced a great effect. It was cheered by the public ; but it determined the managing committee to shut up the cockloft.

“But still, I have been there seven-and-thirty times,” said Aunty ; “and that I shall always remember of Mr. Sivertsen.”

On the very last evening that the cockloft was open to the public, the *Judgment of Solomon* was played ; Aunty could remember it so well. From her benefactor, Mr. Sivertsen, she had obtained a ticket for Agent Bigg. Not that he deserved one ; he was always flouting and fleering at the theatre, and quizzing her about it ; still she did get him a place in the cockloft. He wanted to look at the playhouse articles wrong side uppermost :—“these were his very words, and just like him,” said Aunty.

So he saw the *Judgment of Solomon* from above, and fell asleep. It was easy to guess that he had been dining out and joining in several toasts. He slept till he was locked in, and sat the whole dark night in the theatre loft. He had a story to

tell of his waking up ; but Aunty did not believe a bit of it. The play was played out, the lamps and lights were all out, all the people were out, above and beneath ; but then began the after-piece, the genuine comedy, the best of all, said the agent. There came life into the properties ; it was not *Solomon's Judgment* that was given now, but *Judgment Day at the Theatre*. And all this did Agent Bigg, in his impudence, try to cram into Aunty ; that was her thanks for getting him into the cockloft.

What the agent went on to tell might be comical enough, but there was mockery and spite at the bottom of it.

"It was dark up there," said the agent ; "but then began the demon-show, the grand spectacle, *Judgment Day at the Theatre*. Checktakers stood at the doors, and every spectator had to show his spiritual testimonial, to settle whether he was to enter free-handed or handcuffed, and with or without a gag in his mouth. Fine gentlefolk, who came too late, when the performance had already begun, and young fellows given to losing their time, were tethered outside. There they were shod with felt, so as to creep in gently before the next act, besides being gagged. *And so began Judgment Day at the Theatre.*"

"Mere spite," said Aunty ; "which our Lord knows something of."

The scene-painter, if he wished to get into heaven, had to clamber up some stairs which he had painted himself, but which were too high for the longest pair of legs. That, to be sure, was only a sin against perspective. All the trees, flowers, and buildings, which the machinist had taken such pains to plant in lands quite foreign to them, the poor wretch had to transplant into

their proper homes, and all before cockcrow, if he looked for any chance of heaven.—Mr. Bigg had better mind his own chances of getting there !—And then to hear what he told of the performers, both in tragedy and comedy, in song and in dance—why, it was shameful of Mr. Bigg ! Mr. *Pig* indeed ! he never deserved his place in the cockloft. Aunty would not believe him on his oath. It was all written out, he said ; and he swore (the pig !) it should be printed when he was dead and buried ;—not before, he had no wish to be flayed alive.

Aunty had once been in terror and anguish in her own temple of happiness, the theatre. It was a winter day ; one of those days when we have just two hours of foggy daylight. It was bleak and snowy ; but Aunty was bound for the theatre. They were to give *Hermann von Unna*, besides a little opera and a great ballet, a prologue and an epilogue : it would last over the night. Aunty must needs be off : her lodger had lent her a pair of sledging-boots, shaggy both outside and inside ; they reached the whole way up the legs.

She came to the theatre and into her box ; the boots were warm, so she kept them on. Suddenly there arose a cry of “Fire !” smoke came from one of the wings, smoke came from the cockloft ; there was a frightful uproar. People stormed out. Aunty sat furthest from the door. “Second tier, left-hand side ; the decorations tell best there,” she used to say ; “they are always arranged to look prettiest from the king’s side of the house.” Aunty now wished to get out of it, but those before her, in their blundering excitement, slammed the door fast. There stood Aunty ; there was no way out, and no way in, for

the next box had too high a partition. She called; nobody heard her. She looked over at the tier underneath; it was empty; the balustrade was low; there was not far to drop. In her fright she felt young and active. She prepared for a jump. She got one foot on the bench, the other over the balustrade; and there she sat astride, well draped in her flowered skirt, with a long leg dangling below it, displaying an enormous sledging-boot. That was a sight to see! Seen it was, and Aunty heard at last; and she was easily saved, for there was no fire to speak of.

That was the most memorable evening in her life, she used to say; and she thanked Heaven, she did not see herself, or she would have died of shame.

Her benefactor in the machinery department, Mr. Sivertsen, came to her regularly every Sunday. But it was a long time from Sunday to Sunday. Latterly, therefore, in the middle of the week, a small child came up for "the leavings;" that is to say, to make a supper off the remains of Aunty's dinner.

This child was a young member of the ballet, only too happy to get a meal. She used to tread the boards as a page or a fairy. Her hardest part was that of hind-legs for the lion in Mozart's *Enchanted Flute*. She grew in time to be fore-legs; for this she was only paid three marks, though she had been paid a rix-dollar when she was hind-legs; but then she had had to creep about stooping, and panting for want of fresh air. This was very interesting to know, observed Aunty.

If every one got his deserts, Aunty would have lasted as long as the theatre. But she could not hold out so long. Neither



did she die in it, but quietly and decently in her own bed. Meanwhile her dying words were full of meaning; she asked, "What are they going to play to-morrow?"

She left behind her about five hundred rixdollars:—so at least we conclude from the yearly rental, which amounts to twenty dollars. The money was left as a legacy to some one or other deserving old spinster, living alone in the world. It was to be used for taking a place on the second tier, left side, every Saturday; for on that day they gave the best pieces. Only one condition was imposed on the legatee. As she sat in the theatre, every Saturday, she was to think of Aunty, who lay in her grave.

This was Aunty's Religious Foundation.



## GODFATHER'S PICTURE-BOOK.

GODFATHER could tell stories, ever so many, and ever so long : he could clip out paper figures, and draw pictures ; and when it was getting on for Christmas, he would bring forth a copy-book, with clean white leaves, and paste it full of pictures out of books and newspapers ; and then, if he had not enough for the story he wished to tell, he drew the rest himself. Many such a picture-book did I get when I was little ; but the prettiest of them all was the one about "the memorable year, when Copenhagen was lit up with gas, instead of the old oil-lamps ;" that was the title written on the first page.

"This book must be taken great care of," said father and mother ; "it must only come out on grand occasions."

Yet godfather had written on the binding :

"If thou tearest the book, this is all we can say,  
Our other young friends may do worse any day."

It was a real treat when godfather showed the book off himself, read the verses and the other inscriptions, and related many things besides ; then the history became something like a history.

On the first leaf was a picture clipped out of the *Flieg*

*Post*,\* where one saw Copenhagen with the Round Tower and Our Lady's Church: to the left was pasted a figure of an old lantern, with the inscription, "Train-oil;" to the right was a candelabrum, with the inscription, "Gas."

"See now, that is the placard," said godfather: "that is the entrance-door to the story you are going to hear. It might be made into a whole play if one could get it acted: 'Train-oil and Gas; or, the life and doings of Copenhagen.' A very good title that! At the foot of the page is another little picture, not so easy to understand; so I must explain it to you. That is the hel-horse.† He ought not to have come in till the end of the book; but he has run on a-head, just to say that beginning, middle, and end are all good-for-nothing; he could have done the thing better himself,—if he could only have done it at all. The hel-horse, I must tell you, sticks all day long to the newspaper; the columns are his crutches, he cannot get along without them; but in the evening he slips out, and posts himself at the poet's door, neighing to the man inside that he must die directly; but the man won't die, if he has any real life in him. The hel-horse is nearly always some poor creature, who has nothing to say for himself, and nothing to do for a living: he picks up broken victuals by tramping about and

\* *Flying Post*: the title of a newspaper, at the top of which was a winged Mercury.

† *Hel* was the queen of the underworld, and claimed those who died of sickness or old age; while those who died in battle went to Odin's Valhalla. In times of plague Hel rode abroad on her pale horse, a wretched animal, halting upon three legs. The Danish people still tell of the grey *Hel-horse*, that comes at midnight, neighing before the house where some one is to die.

neighing. He'll wrinkle his nose, I'll warrant you, at godfather's picture-book; but for all that, it may be worth the paper that it's written on.

"Now then, that's the first page of the book: that's the placard."

It was the very last evening that the oil-lamps were lighted. The town had got gas; and there was such a glare that the old lights were half lost in it.

"I was out in the streets myself, that evening," said godfather; "people walked up and down to compare the old lighting with the new. Crowds of people were there, and twice as many legs as heads. The watchmen looked on gloomily, not knowing how soon they might be turned off, like the oil-lamps. The old lamps themselves were thinking of times gone by,—they dared not think of times to come. They had so many memories of quiet evenings and murky nights. I leaned back against a lamp-post," said godfather; "there was a sputtering in the oily wick: I could hear what the lamp was saying, and now you shall hear it too.

"'We have done our best!' said the lamp. 'We have been sufficient for our time, and lighted up its joys and sorrows. We have outlived many a wonder. We have been, so to speak, the night eyes of Copenhagen. New flames may displace us now, and undertake our office; but how many years they will shine, and what they will light up,—that remains to be seen! They shine a little stronger than we old ones, we confess; but that's an easy matter when one is moulded like a chandelier,

and has such good connexions; they keep pouring into one another. They have pipes on all sides, and can renew their forces from inside the town and outside the town. But as for us oil-lamps, each one shines with what he has in himself, without the help of his family. Copenhagen has been lighted by us and our forefathers, time out of mind. But now that our last evening has come, and we are thrust, so to speak, into the ranks behind you, ye shining comrades, far be it from us to sulk and fret: let us rather be cheery and good-humoured. We are the old sentinels, who are relieved by new-fashioned guards in a smarter uniform than ours. We will tell what our race, all the way down from the tip-topmost old grandmother lantern, has lived to see: the whole of Copenhagen's history. May you and yours, down to the last gas chandelier, have tales as wonderful as our own to tell, whenever you get your discharge. For your discharge you will get some day; make sure of that! Man will find out a stronger light than gas. I have heard a student say that there is a scheme afloat for setting fire to sea-water.' " There was a sputtering in the wick, as the lamp spoke these words, just as if there was water in it already.

Godfather listened and pondered, and thought this a famous idea of the old lantern's, to pass the night of transition from oil to gas in tales and sketches of Copenhagen's history. "A good idea must not be let slip," said godfather; "I caught it up, went home, and got this picture-book ready for you: it goes further back still than the lanterns could go."

Here is the book, here the history: "Life and Doings of

Copenhagen;" it begins with pitch-darkness, a leaf as black as coal; that is the night of ages.

"Now we'll turn over," said godfather. "Do you see the picture? Only the wild sea, and the blustering north-east wind; he is driving heavy icebergs onward; there is no one to sail on them—nothing but great blocks of granite, which have rolled on to the ice, as it lay under the mountains of Norway. The north-eastern wind has blown the ice adrift; he means to show the German mountains what boulders may be found up in the north. The ice-fleet has already entered the Sound, and is nearing the coast of Zealand, where Copenhagen lies now;—but then there was no Copenhagen. Sand-banks were stretching under the water, and against one of them struck the icebergs, with their cargo of granite. The ice-fleet stuck fast; the north-east wind could not blow them afloat again, and so he grew mad, as mad could be, and bellowed curses against the sand-bank, 'that thieves' ground,' as he called it; and he swore that if it ever raised itself above the sea it should be a place for thieves and robbers, for the gallows and the wheel.

"But when he was thus cursing and scolding, the sun broke forth; and swaying and sporting on the sunbeams came bright and gentle spirits, children of light; they danced over the chilling icebergs, and melted them: and the great stone boulders sank down into the sandy shallows.

"'Sun-vermin!' roared the north-east wind; 'is that good-fellowship and kinship? That will I remember, and that will I revenge. So now for my curse!'

“ ‘And now for our blessing!’ sang the children of light. ‘The sandbank shall rise, and we will protect it. Truth and Goodness and Beauty shall dwell there!’

“ ‘Flams and flummery!’ growled the north-east wind.

“ ‘Well, of all this the lamps knew nothing,’ said godfather; ‘but I know it; and it is of great importance for the life and doings of Copenhagen.’”

“ ‘Now we’ll turn over,’ said godfather. ”

“ ‘Ages have gone by; the sandbank has risen upwards; a sea-bird has settled on the largest stone, that has come jutting out above the water. You may see it all in the picture. Age after age has gone by. The sea has cast dead fish upon the strand; the tough lime-grass has sprung forth, has withered, rotted, and enriched the ground. Grasses and herbs have grown of many kinds; the bank has become a green *holm*. The Vikings have landed there. They have met in the *holm-gang*,\* in the death-struggle: they have found a safe anchorage in the holm alongside of Zealand. The first oil-lamp has been kindled. I fancy that it was meant for broiling fish; and of fish there was no lack here. The herrings passed through the Sound in vast shoals; it was hard to push a boat across them. There was a flash like summer lightning on the waters; a splendour in the deep, like the glow of northern lights. The Sound had stores of wealth in its fish, and therefore houses were built on the coast of Zealand: the walls were of oak timber, and

\* *Holmgang (island-going)* was the name given by the Northern to a mortal combat; as the place appointed for the duel was frequently a small island.

the roofs of bark: there were trees enough for the builders. Ships made for the haven: the oil lantern hung swaying from its rope: the north-east wind puffed and hooted—'Hooh! out, out!' But if a lantern shone upon the holm, it was a thieves' lantern: smugglers and thieves plied their crafts upon 'Thieves'-Island.'"

"All a-going! all a-blowing!  
Weeds of wickedness and woe!  
As I promised long ago!"

"Thus shouted the north-east wind: and 'soon,' he muttered, 'there cometh a tree, the fruits whereof I may rattle as I please!'

"And here stands the tree," said godfather; "do you see the gallows upon Thieves'-Island? Robbers and murderers are hanging there in irons, just as they used to hang. The wind blew till the long skeletons clattered; yet the moon shone down upon them serenely, even as it shines now upon a village dance. The sun, too, shone down serenely, and crumbled away the dangling skeletons; and the children of light sang from the sunbeams,—'We know it! We know it! Yet wait a little while, and this shall be a place of beauty; a place of goodness and of splendour.'

"'Cackle! cackle!' cried the north-east wind.

"Now we'll turn over," said godfather.

The bells were pealing in the town of Roeskilde: there lived Bishop Absalon: he could read his Bible or swing his sword; he had power and a will of his own. The busy fishermen of



yonder haven, where the town had grown into a market-place, Absalon resolved to protect against their enemies. With holy water he sprinkled the unhallowed ground: Thieves'-Island got a mark of honour. Masons and carpenters set to work there; and a building grew at the Bishop's command. The sunbeams kissed the red walls as they arose. There stood Axel's house.

"Buttress'd wall, lordly hall,  
Galleries, and balconies,  
And towers and turrets tall!  
North-east wind puffed and grinn'd,  
Fluster'd here, and bluster'd there—  
The castle stood it all."

And alongside of it lay the town of "Haven," the chapman's haven: \*

"Mermaid's bower with glittering billows,  
Screened by forest leaves."

Foreign traders came for the sake of the great fish-market. They built shops and houses with window-panes of bladder, for glass was too dear. Then warehouses arose, with gable-ends furnished with cranes and pulleys. Look inside the shops: those old boys, sitting there, mustn't marry; they have their

\* *Hafn* (*Haven*) was a mere fishing-village when first mentioned, about 1050. Bishop Axel (or Absalon, Bishop of Roeskilde, who died as Archbishop of Lund in 1201) built a castle there, and merchants soon gathered under the shelter of *Axel's House*, as the castle was called, and *Hafn* received the name of *Kjöpinghafn*: merchants' haven.

Bishop Axel was great as a warrior and statesman, and he was the patron of Denmark's first chronicler, Saxo Grammaticus. On the site of his *house* stands the royal palace, *Christiansborg Castle*, a part of which has been turned into the *Thorvaldsen Museum*.

pepper and ginger to mind ; no such wares as wives for the old pepper-boys.

The north-east wind sweeps through streets and lanes, sets the dust flying and whisks off a thatch or two. Pigs and cattle stray along the street-ditch.

"I'll box and buffet them !" quoth the north-east wind ; "I'll whoop round the roofs, and round Axel's house. There's no missing that ! We all know 'Spike Castle on Thieves'-Island.'"

And godfather showed a picture of it which he had drawn himself. On the wall stood stake after stake, and on every stake was a pirate's head showing its teeth.

"That really did happen," said godfather ; "the story is well worth hearing and heeding. Bishop Absalon was in his bath one day, when he heard through the thin wall that a freebooting ship was near the harbour. He sprang out of the bath and on to his own vessel : his horn blew, and his men gathered. The pirates turned tail and rowed hard ; but the arrows flew after them and nailed their hands fast : there was no time to pull the arrows out. Bishop Absalon captured every living man, hewed off all their heads and set them up on the outer wall of the castle. The north-east wind blew with swollen cheeks, with bad weather in his jaw, as the sailors say."

"I'll lie down here and stretch myself," said the wind ; "and have a look at this pretty set-out.

He rested for some hours, then he blew for days : ages went by.

The watchman climbed up on the castle watch-tower : he looked east and west, north and south.

"There you have it on the picture," said godfather, showing it; "you may see the man, but what he saw I must tell you."

From the walls of Spike Castle lies open water right away to Kjóge Bay, and broad is the ferry over to Zealand. The two large villages in front of Serritslev Common and Solbjerg Common are fast growing into one city with gabled timber houses. There are whole streets for shoemakers and skinners, for grocers and ale-house keepers. There is a market-place; there is a guildhall; and close to the sea, on a spot that once was an island, stands the splendid church of St. Nicholas. It has a tower and spire, immensely high: how well it is reflected on the clear water! Not far from it stands Our Lady's Church, where masses are read and sung, the incense fumes, and the tapers burn. The Merchant's haven is now the Bishop's town: the Bishop of Roeskilde rules and reigns there.

Bishop Erlandsen is seated at Axel's house. They are roasting and baking; they are drawing ale and claret; they are sounding the fiddle and the kettle-drum. Lamps and lustres are burning; the castle shines as if it were the whole kingdom's lantern. The north-east wind blows round walls and towers; they stand firm. The north-east wind blows round the city's western barrier; 'tis but an old plank work, yet it holds fast. There, outside the wall, stands Denmark's King, Christopher the First. The rebels have beaten him at Skielskør: he seeks shelter in the Bishop's town.

The wind whistles and says, as the Bishop says, "Keep outside! Keep outside! The door is locked for thee!"

It is a time of tumult; a time of trouble; every man for himself. The Holstein banner waves from the castle tower. It is the very night of anguish; want and woe are in the land; war and the black death; pitch dark night; but then came *Atterdag*.\*

The bishop's town is now the King's town. It has gabled houses and crowding streets; it has watchmen, a town-hall, and a walled gallows at Westgate. None but townsmen can be hanged on it; one must be a citizen to have the right to dangle there, to mount high enough to see the *hens* of Kiöge.

"That is a fine gallows," cried the north-east wind; "the Beautiful is growing!" and he snorted with delight.

And now there blew a bitter blast from Germany.

"The *Hansefolk*† came," said godfather. "From warehouse and counter came the rich merchants of Rostock, Lübeck,

\* In 1340, after a long period of darkness, came Valdemar *Atterdag* (*day again*). Some say that he got this name from his saying, whenever he failed in anything, "*atterdag*" (to-morrow).

† The Hanse-towns had in Valdemar's time monopolized the trade of the Scandinavian kingdoms; and on Valdemar's taking steps to check them, they proclaimed war against Denmark, 1364. Before its outbreak the king had built near Vordingborg, close to the sea, a high tower, which he called the goose tower, and stuck a golden goose on its top as a weathercock: this tower was to be the prison of any Hanse merchants who might be taken captive. The king used to compare the merchants and their fleet to geese, who might indeed cackle and paddle about in the sea, but could do him no harm. On them he made the following verse in low German, so that they might understand it:—

"Seven und seventi Hånse,  
Seven und seventi Gånse,  
Biten mi nicht de Gånse,  
So frag iks ok nicht na de Hånse."

and Bremen. They were bent on snapping up more than the gold-geese from Valdemar's tower. In the Dane-King's town they held greater sway than the Dane-King's self. They came with armed ships: no one was prepared: King Erik never once dreamed of fighting his German kinsmen. They were too many for him. King and courtiers hurried out of Westgate, and away to Soroe Town; to the calm lake and the green woods; to the song of love and the goblet's clang.

But one remained behind in Copenhagen, a kingly heart, a kingly soul. Do you see that picture, the young woman, so fine and gentle, with sea-blue eyes, and flaxen hair? That is England's princess and Denmark's queen, Philippa. She will not leave the distracted city, where in the narrow streets and lanes, up and down the high doorsteps, and in and out of the lath-and-plaster shops and booths, the townsfolk are swarming, they scarcely know why and whither. She has all the spirit of a man. She summons up burghers and peasants, and puts life and manhood into them. They rig the ships, they garrison the blockhouses, they bang away with the carbines. There is fire and smoke: there is good cheer: *Our Lord will not give up Denmark!* The sun is shining into every heart, and beaming out of every eye, in the glad confidence of victory. Blessed

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“Seven and seventy Hanse,  
Seven and seventy geese,  
The geese bite me not  
And I mind the Hanse not.”

The Hanse fleet was defeated for the time; but when a weaker king took the helm in hand, Denmark had to weather a harder storm from the same quarter.

be Philippa! And blessed she is in house and hut; and blessed in the king's castle, where she tends the sick and the wounded. "I have clipped out a wreath and laid it around this picture," said godfather. "Blessed be Queen Philippa!"

"Now we spring ages onward," said godfather. "Copenhagen springs with us. King Christian the First has been to Rome; has been blessed by the Pope; and has been greeted with honours the whole way along. He is now at home again: and he is building a great hall of red brick where learning may grow and make speeches in Latin. The poor man's child, from plough or workshop, may come here too; and by dint of a little begging and chanting, may gain the long black college-gown.

"Close to the Hall of Learning, where everything is Latin, lies a little house, where Danish has the upper hand. Language and manners are Danish there. They breakfast on bread and ale, and dine at ten in the morning. The sunshine through the narrow panes falls upon meat-shelves and book-shelves: the latter well stored with written papers. Among these are Martin Mikkel's *Rosary* and *Godly Comedies*; Henrik Harpestreng's *Leech-book*; and *Denmark's Rhime Chronicle* by Brother Niels of Sorøe. They are works which every Dane ought to know, says the master of the house; and he is the very man to make them known. He is Denmark's first printer, the Dutchman, Gotfred van Gehmen. He practices the black yet blessed art of printing.

"And the books enter the king's palace and the burgher's house. Proverbs and ballads get eternal life. Things of joy or

sorrow, that men dare not say aloud, are sung in quaint yet meaning strains by the song-bird of the people. It flies far and wide, from the cottage hearth to the knightly castle; it perches falcon-like on the lady's hand, and chants to her: it steals like a mouse into the dog-kennel, and chirps to the peasant-thrall."

"Fine whistling that! but it won't bring fine weather," says the sharp north-east wind.

"'Tis the breath of spring itself," say the sunbeams; "see how the green buds are peeping!"

"Now we'll go on with our picture-book," said godfather.

How Copenhagen glitters! There are sports and tournaments: there are long trains of splendour: look at the noble knights in armour, at the stately dames in silks and sables. King Hans is giving his daughter Elizabeth to the Elector of Brandenburg. How young she is, how gay she seems: she treads on velvet: there is a future in her thoughts, a life of household happiness. Close beside her stands her brother, Prince Christian, with earnest eyes, and hot burning blood. He is dear to the townsfolk: he knows their wrongs: he has the poor man's future in his thoughts.

But the future rests with God alone!

"Now for another page in our picture-book," said godfather. "Sharp blows the wind, singing of the sharp sword, of the heavy times, of sorrow, and of strife."

It is in the middle of April: the day is icy-cold. Why is

the crowd thronging between the castle and the old custom-house, where the king's ship lies, with sails set and flags flying? The windows and the roofs are full of faces. There is grief and pity, doubt and dread. They gaze at the castle, where once there were torch-dances in the gilded halls, now so silent and empty. They gaze at the window-balcony, where King Christian so often sat, looking over the *court-bridge*, and along the narrow court-bridge-street, down to his *Dovelet*: the Dutch girl whom he brought from Bergen. The shutters are shut fast. They turn their eyes to the castle-gate; it is opening; the drawbridge is falling. Yonder comes King Christian with his own true wife Elizabeth: she will not forsake her lord, now he is so hard beset.

There was fire in his blood and fire in his brains. He would fain break with the olden times, burst the peasant's yoke, raise the burgher, and clip the wings of "the greedy hawks;" but the hawks were too many for him. He must now leave kingdom and country behind him, and stir up his friends and kinsfolk in foreign lands. His wife and a faithful band are with him: every eye is wet in the hour of parting.

There is a discord of voices in the song of 'Time, some for and some against him: a threefold choir. Hear what the nobles say: their words are written and printed.

"Woe to thee, Christiern the Bad! the blood shed on Stockholm's market-place cries aloud and curses thee!"

And the monks echo the malediction: "Be thou cast off by God and by us! Thou hast called hither the Lutheran doctrine: thou hast given it church and pulpit: thou hast loosened the devil's tongue: woe to thee, Christiern the Bad!"



But peasant and burgher sigh in deep undertones: "Christiern, thou beloved of the people! No more shall the peasant be sold like cattle, no more be bartered away for the hound. That law of thine shall bear witness for thee!" But the words of the poor are like chaff before the wind.

Now the king's ship sails away from the castle; and the townsfolk gather on the ramparts, and look after it to the last.

Wearry times! hard times! Put not thy trust in kith: no, nor yet in kin.

Thy father's brother Frederick, Lord of the castle of Kiel, would now, forsooth, be King of Denmark.

King Frederick lies before Copenhagen. Do you see this picture, "the faithful Copenhagen?" Round about it are coal-black clouds, with picture on picture; only look at each of them. They are full of death-knells, such as still resound in the sad old lays and legends, tolling for the agonies of many bitter years.

And how fared King Christiern, that wandering bird? The birds have sung thereof; and they fly wide over land and sea. The stork came early in the spring, from the far south over the German lands, and you shall hear what he had seen.

"I saw the fugitive King Christiern drive upon a heathy moor. I saw him meet a wretched car, with one horse to draw it. A woman sat in it, King Christiern's sister, the Margravine of Brandenburg; true to the Lutheran creed, she had been turned adrift by her husband. On the bleak moor met the outcast children of kings. Hard times! Wearry times! Trust neither kith nor kin!"

The swallows came from Sönderborg Castle with a doleful song: "King Christiern is betrayed. They have cast him into the donjon vault, deep as a well. His steps are wearing foot-prints on the rocky floor, his fingers leave their marks upon the stones."

"Oh, words are weak the woe to speak  
Yon furrowed stone can tell."

The fish-eagle comes from the rolling sea: it is open and free: a ship speeds over it, and the skipper is the bold Sören Nordby. Fortune is with him; but fortune shifts like wind and weather.

In Jutland and Fünen scream the crows and ravens, "Come, gather together! fine work for beak and claw. Horse-carrion or man-carrion. Pick and choose: pick and choose!" 'Tis a fighting time again; the *count's feud*. The peasant has grasped his club, the townsman his knife, and they have shouted, "Death to the wolves! and let none of their cubs escape!" There are clouds of smoke; they roll from burning towns.

King Christiern is held fast in Sönderborg Castle. He will never get loose; never see Copenhagen and its bitter need. On North-Common stands Christiern the Third, where his father stood before. Within the city is despair; famine is there, and the spotted plague.

Propped against yonder church-wall sits a gaunt and ragged woman; see, she is a corpse: two living children lie on her lap, and suck blood from the breast.

Courage has fallen: resistance falls. *Oh, thou faithful Copenhagen!*

Hark! rub-a-dub! tantara! Drums and trumpets are coming.

And here come noble lords, their figures glowing with silks and velvets and waving feathers, and their steeds caparisoned with cloth of gold. They are riding to the Old-market. Is it for carousing or tourneying as in olden days? Burghers, too, and peasants are flocking thither, all in their best array. What is to be seen? Have they been piling a bonfire of popish idols? Or stands the hangman there as he stood by Slaghoek's death-fire? Not so; but the king, the lord of the land, is Lutheran; and now his creed will be avowed, and adopted as a child of the state.

High and mighty dames, and high-born damsels, collared with ruffs, and hooded with velvet and pearls, bend forwards from the open windows to look at the show. On broad carpets, and under broad canopies, the State-councillors, in antique robes, are seated near the throne. The king is silent. At length proclamation is made, in Danish, and all men know his will, and the will of the State council. Burghers and peasants receive words of stern rebuke, for holding out against the noble lords. The burgher must return to submission, the peasant to thralldom. The words of doom proceed: now it is the turn of the bishops.

Their power is over, church and cloister must yield up all their goods to the king and the nobles.

Haughtiness and hate are there; pomp and beggary.

“Poor bird limps off stooping, drooping:  
Rich bird tramps off huffing, puffing.”

That time of change had heavy clouds, yet not without sunshine. There was a burst of light, just then, in learning's hall, the student's home; and names flashed forth, that are still bright, in these our modern days. Such is that of Hans Tausen, son of a poor blacksmith in Fünen.

"A little scholar-lad, he came from Birkend's little town,  
But soon the whole of Denmark's land he filled with his renown:  
A Danish Martin Luther, he led the battle's van,  
And with the gospel for a sword he stormed the heart of man."

Another shining name is Petrus Palladius, or, to speak Danish, Peter Plade, Bishop of Roeskilde; a Jutlander born, and, like the former, a poor smith's son. Among the names of noblemen few are brighter than that of Hans Friis, the kingdom's Chancellor. He seated the student at his own board, and looked after his wants, and the schoolboy's too. But one name above all is greeted with songs and hurrahs.

"As long as Axel's Haven boasts  
One student worth the rearing;  
King Christian still shall head the toasts,  
And still be hailed with cheering."

There were sunbeams between the heavy clouds of that time of change.

Now we'll turn over.

What is the singing in the Great Belt, that resounds under the coast of Samsøe? Out of the sea rises a mermaid, with hair of seaweed green; and the peasant hears her prophecy. A prince shall be born, and live to be a king, mighty and great.

In the fields, beneath the blooming may-tree was he born,

and his name still blooms in lay and legend, in the knightly halls and kingly piles around us. The Exchange sprang forth at his bidding, with tower and spire. Rosenborg Castle arose and looked out from beyond the ramparts. Our friend the student was given a house of his own, and close beside it grew the Round Tower, a column of Urania, pointing up to heaven, and facing towards Hveen, where once stood Uranienborg. There the gilded domes used to glitter in the moonlight; the master was noble both in blood and in brains, and the mermaid might tell, how kings and sages flocked to see him, the man of Uranienborg, Tycho Brahe.\* He lifted Denmark's name so high, that the stars of heaven made it known to all the star-gazers upon earth. And yet Denmark spurned him away from her.†

He soothed his grief with song.

“Heaven is everywhere above me:  
Wherefore need I wish for more?”

His song lives on the lips of the people, like the mermaid's song about Christian the Fourth.

“Now comes a page which you must look at in good earnest,” said godfather; “there is picture after picture here, like verse after verse in an old ballad. This is a song that begins with great joy and ends with great sorrow.”

\* Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, built his mansion with an observatory on Hveen, an island in the Oresound, midway between Denmark and Sweden. He called it *Uranienborg* (*Castle of Urania*). Only ruins of it now remain.

Here is a king's child dancing in the king's palace; what a charming little creature! She springs on to the lap of Christian the Fourth, his beloved daughter Eleonora. She is growing in womanly grace and goodness. The noblest of the nobles, Corfitz Ulfeld, is her bridegroom. She is still a child, and still gets whippings from the stern court-governess: but she appeals to her sweetheart; and wins the day. How clever she is, well nurtured and well taught; she knows Greek and Latin, sings Italian to her lute, and can talk all about Luther and the Pope.

King Christian lies in his chapel in Loeskilde cathedral; and Eleonora's brother is king. There is pomp and show in the royal castle of Copenhagen; there is beauty and wit: foremost stands the queen herself, Sophia Amelia of Lüneborg. Who guides her steed as well as she? Who dances with such majesty? Who talks with learning and spirit like Denmark's queen?

"Eleonora Christina Ulfeld!" The French ambassador has said what the others felt; "both in beauty and in wit she outshines them all."

From that polished dancing-floor started forth the burdock of envy; the burs clung, the poison stung, and scornful murmurs went buzzing round. "The Bastard! Her carriage shall stop short at the castle-bridge: while the queen is driving up, the lady must walk." And thus gossip is set afloat, slander and lies.

And Ulfeld takes his wife by the hand at dead of night. He has the keys of the city gates; he opens one of them. Horses

are waiting outside. They ride along the strand and embark for Sweden.

Now we'll turn the page even as their luck is turning.

It is autumn-time; the days are short, the nights are long. It is dark and drizzly; the wind is cold and rising fast. The trees on the rampart are sighing; the sere leaf flies into Peter Oxe's courtyard; the yard lies neglected and the chambers are empty. The wind sweeps away to Christianshavn, and round Kai Lykke's old mansion, now a common jail. Its master has been driven out, and stripped of his honours; his scutcheon is broken and his effigy swings on the highest gallows; thus they make him pay for the saucy wanton words which he spoke of Denmark's queen. Shrilly pipes the wind, and sports over the open place where the high steward's mansion used to stand; only one stone of it now remains.

"That stone is mine!" whoops the wind; "I drove it hither, a boulder on the sailing ice; it stranded on the shoal, that became 'Thieves'-Island, accursed by me; it found its way into the courts of my Lord Ulfeld; and now, where the lady sang to her sounding lute, read Latin and Greek, and stood erect in pride, nothing stands erect but this very stone, with its inscription:—

'To the traitor Corfitz Ulfeld,  
In token of eternal scandal, scorn, and shame.'

But where now is she, the noble lady? "Hoo-hee! hoo-hee!" cries the wind with a piercing shriek. In *Blue Tower*, at the back of the castle, where the sea-water beats against the slimy

wall; there has she been sitting these many years. There is more smoke than warmth in her chamber; the little window is close under the ceiling; King Christian's petted child, daintiest of maids and of matrons, how mean is her clothing, how squalid her abode! Remembrance may deck the smoky prison-walls with curtains and hangings. She may recall the beautiful time of her childhood, her father's soft and beaming glances; she may recall her splendid nuptials; her days of pride, and her days of need; in Holland, in England, or at Bornholm:

"No burden is too great for love to bear:"

But then—but then he was near her; now she is alone, alone for ever! She knows not his grave, and no one knows it.

"Truth to her wedded lord was all her crime."

She sat there year after year, whilst life was stirring outside. It never stands still; but we will do so for one moment, and think of her, and the words of the song:—

"I kept my husband in my heart,  
In spite of pain and sorrow."

"Do you see the picture here?" said godfather.

It is winter-time. The frost has thrown a bridge across from Laaland to Funen; a bridge for Charles Gustavus, who is pushing onwards irresistibly. Pillaging, burning, and slaying, our foe is in the land.

The Swede lies before Copenhagen. There is a nipping cold and a blinding snow; but true to their king, and to themselves, men and women stand ready. Mechanic, shop-boy, student, and schoolmaster, each takes his turn in mounting guard upon the



ramparts. No one skulks away from the red-hot cannon-balls. King Frederick has sworn to live or die in his nest. He rides to and fro, with his queen beside him. There is discipline, as well as courage and patriotic zeal. Only see; where the Swede, in white grave-clothes, crawls over the white snow, and tries to storm; see how the stones and beams roll down upon him! yea, the women bring their caldrons, and pour boiling pitch and tar upon the storming foe. This night king and commoner are one united power. And there is rescue; and there is victory. The bells peal forth; songs of thanksgiving resound.

Burgher-folk, here hast thou won thy knightly spurs!

And what follows now? Look at the picture here.

Bishop Svane's wife is coming in her close carriage: that privilege must be kept for the great nobility. Proud young gentlemen break the carriage down: the bishop's lady has to trudge on foot to the bishop's house.

Is that the end of the story? Nay, something much greater will be broken down next: pride's foundation-stone.

Burgomaster Hans Hansen and Bishop Svane have pledged each other to the work, grasping hands in the name of the Lord. Their talk is shrewd yet honest; it is heard in the church and in the burgher's house. One meeting, one grip of fellowship, and the haven is barred, the gates are closed, the alarm-bell rings, and power is given over to the king alone; to him who deserted not his nest in the hour of danger: let him be the ruler, let him be the judge over great and small.

It is the time of absolute monarchy.

Now we'll turn over to a new leaf and new times.

"Halloo! halloo! Tally-ho!" The plough may lie aside, the heather may grow as it will, but the chase is good. "Halloo! Tally-ho!" Hark to the ringing horn and the yelling hounds! Yonder goes the hunting-field—the king himself, Christian the Fifth! he is young and glad. There is merriment in palace, tower, and town. Wax-lights are in the halls, torches in the court-yards, and the city streets have got their lamps. Everything looks bright and new. There is the new peerage just imported from Germany: its barons and counts will get favours and gifts. Nothing passes current now, except rank and titles and the German tongue.

Then comes a voice with a pure Danish ring in it: 'tis that of the weaver's son, who is bishop now. It is Kingo's voice: he is singing his beautiful psalms.\*

There is another tradesman's son, a vintner's son: his thoughts shine forth in laws and judgments. His statute-book was a gold ground for the king's name: it will stand for ages yet to come. This burgher's child, but the country's greatest man, gains noble arms, and noble enemies. The scaffold is built, and the sword raised, to smite off the head of Griffenfeld. Then grace is granted him, with imprisonment

\* During the reign of Christian the Fourth a *Scotchman*, *Thomas Kingo*, a weaver of Gobelin tapestry, was called to Denmark, where he settled. His grandson, another *Thomas Kingo*, became Bishop of Fünen and one of the greatest hymn-writers of the North. He was a man of stormy passions, but also of deep religious feeling and strong faith in Christ, and salvation through Him. Of his sufferings and his struggles, his faith and his victory, his songs bear witness.

for life! They send him to an island rock under the coast of Trondhjem :

“ Munkholm—Denmark’s St. Helena.”

But the dance goes merrily in the palace hall. Pomp and music are there ; dancing courtiers and dancing ladies.

Now comes the time of Frederick the Fourth.

See the proud ships, and the flag of victory ! . See the rolling deep ! It can tell of great deeds, of the glories of Denmark. We remember the victory-names of Sehested and Gyldenløve. We remember Hvitfeld ; how, to save the Danish fleet, he blew up his ship, and flew to heaven with Danebrog. We think of long years of strife, and of the hero, who leapt down from Norwegian highlands to the defence of Denmark ; even Peter Tordenskjold. The glorious wave, the surging wave, thunders his name from coast to coast.

“Thou world of powdered wigs and lisings sweet,  
What flash hath singed, what crash dumbfoundered thee ?  
’Twas but a tailor-lad that left his seat .  
’Twas but a Norway sloop that stood to sea :  
But lo ! the Viking spirit lives again,  
And sweeps with battle wings the Northern main.”

Anon there comes a gentle air from Greenland ; a sweet fragrance, as though from the land of Bethlehem. It bears tidings of the gospel light, that Hans Egede and his wife have kindled there.

That is why half this leaf has a gold ground : the other half,

which betokens sorrow, is stained ashen-grey and spotted with black, as if by fire or pestilence.

In Copenhagen the plague is raging. The streets are desolate: the doors are barred: many a door is chalked with a cross; the mark of sickness within: where the cross is black, all are dead.

By night, without a tolling bell, they bear away the dead, and the half-dead too, who have fallen in the streets. The army waggons rumble: they are laden with corpses. Yet yonder ale-house resounds with ghastly mirth, the stupid songs and shrieks of the drunkard. He will drown his sorrows in drink: drown them, and so make an end of it!—Well, everything must come to that: and here ends the page, with the second great time of torment and trial for Copenhagen.

King Frederick the Fourth is still alive: his hair has whitened in the course of years. From his palace window he looks out upon the stormy weather: it is late in the year.

At a little house near the west-gate a boy is playing with his ball: it flies up on to the roof. The urchin lights a farthing candle, and goes up after his ball; sets fire to the little house, and so to the whole street. It flares aloft, till the clouds glare again. See how the flames spread! There is food enough for the fire; hay and straw, bacon, tar, and piles of wood; all stored up against the winter-time. And everything catches fire. There is crying, and shrieking, and utter bewilderment. In the mid-tumult rides the old king, cheering and exhorting. Houses are pulled down here, and blown up there. Yet now the north-quarter is burning: the churches are on fire,

St. Peter's, Our Lady's! Hark to the musical bells, chiming their last tune—"Turn away Thy wrath, Lord God of mercy!"

The Round Tower and the castle are left standing alone; round about them are reeking ruins. King Frederick is good to his people; he gives them food and shelter, comforts them, and lives amongst them: he is the friend of the houseless. Blessed be Frederick the Fourth!

See this page now.

See the gilded carriage with footmen around, and armed riders before and behind it, coming from the castle, where there are posts and chains to keep the crowd off. No commoner may cross over the square, unless bareheaded; but few of them are seen there—they shun it. Yet one is crossing now, with downcast eyes, and hat in hand; and that is just the man of all in those times, whom we now call noble. :

"His voice like the clearing storm-wind rang,  
For sunshiny days to come after:  
And foreign-bred follies like grasshoppers sprang,  
Frightened out of this land by his laughter."

That is the soul of wit and whim: that is Ludvig Holberg.\* The Danish theatre, the palace of his greatness, has been closed, as if it were a house of infamy. Merriment is dead and buried: dance, song, and music are banished by proclamation. It is the dark reign of bigotry.

\* Ludvig Holberg, a celebrated historian and comedian. He was born in Norway, but lived in Denmark, where he wrote his plays for the Copenhagen theatre. They are full of fun and satire; and to this very day whenever they are performed they make the house ring with laughter.

The "*Dänenprinz*," as his mother called him: his time is coming now, with sunny weather and singing birds, a time of hearty Danish merriment. Frederick the Fifth is king. And the chains are taken down from the castle square: the Danish theatre is opened again: there is plenty of laughter and good humour. And peasants are riding hither, for their "summer in town." The dismal fast is over: the holiday is come. The spirit of beauty thrives, blossoming and bearing fruit in tones, and forms, and colours. Harken to Gretry's music. Watch the acting of Londemann. And Denmark's queen loves what is Danish. Louisa of England, beautiful and gentle: God in his heaven bless her! The sunbeams sing, in happy chorus, of queens in the Danish land,—Philippa, Elizabeth, Louisa!

•

Their earthly parts have long been laid in earth, but their souls live, and their names live. Again England sends us a king's bride: Matilda, so young, and so soon forsaken. Poets will sing of thee in after times, of thy youthful heart, and thine hour of trial. And song has power, a nameless power, in every age and every nation. See now, there is a fire in the palace, King Christian's castle. They are trying to save the best they can find. See how the dockyard men are lugging off a basket of plate and other costly things. That is a great treasure; but suddenly through an open door they see the flames light up a bust of bronze, King Christian the Fourth. They cast aside the treasure they bear: the image standing there is much more to them. That must be carried off, however heavy it may be.

They know him well, from Ewald's song, from Hartmann's beautiful melodies.

There is power in word and song; and mightily, some day, will a dirge be sung for the hapless Queen Matilda.

Now we'll turn further on in our picture-book.

On Ulfeld's Place stood the stone of scandal: where is there upon earth like that one? Near the Westport they have raised a column: how many upon earth can match with this?

The sunbeams kissed the boulder-stone, the foundation of "Freedom's Column." All the church-bells rang, the flags waved, the people hurraed for the Crown-prince Frederic. In the hearts and on the lips of old and young were the names of Bernstorff, Reventlow, Colbjørnsen. With beaming eyes and thankful hearts they read the inscription of the column:—

"The king has decreed:—Serfdom shall cease. The Tenant laws shall be set in order, and put in force, that the free yeoman may become brave and enlightened, diligent and contented, a worthy citizen, a happy man!"

What a sunny day! What a "summer in town!"

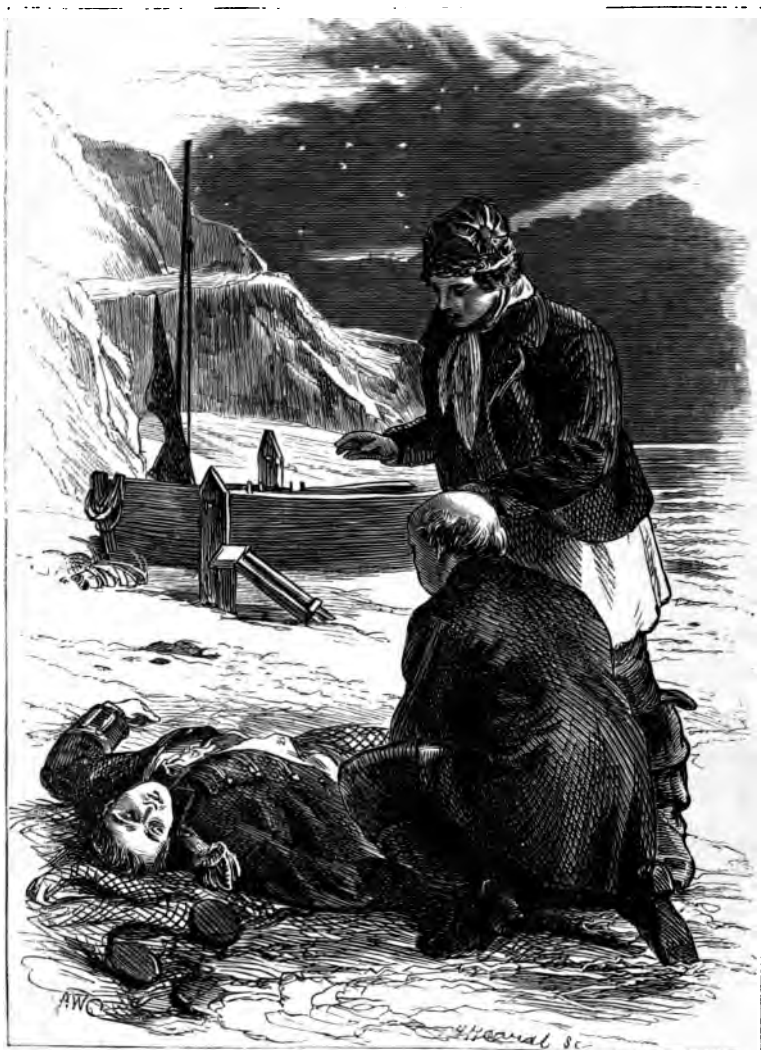
The light-spirits sang: "The Good is growing, the Beautiful is growing. Soon falls the stone upon Ulfeld's Place; but Freedom's column shall stand in sunshine, blessed by God, by king and people."

"We have an ancient highway road,  
It runs to the world's end."

The open sea—open for friend and foe—and now the foe was there. It sailed up, the mighty English fleet; a great power







"NO ONE KNOWS HIS NAME."

against a little one. The shock was cruel, but there were brave hearts to bear it ; and

“Standing firm in danger's place,  
Fighting hard in death's embrace,”

they made the foe admire them, and inspired the singers of Denmark. We still keep that day with waving flags. Denmark's glorious second of April, the battle day at the Roads.

Years passed away. A fleet was seen in the Sound. Was it bound for Russia or Denmark? No one knew, not even on board.

Our people tell a legend of that morning in the Sound. When the sealed orders were broken open, and read, and found to be orders to take the Danish fleet, then, they say, a young captain stood up before his chief, a worthy son of Britain, noble in word and deed. “I have sworn,” he cried, “to fight to the death for England's flag, in fair and open war, but not in brutal piracy.”

“And thereupon he started overboard.

“And straight the fleet to Copenhagen came.  
Far from the spot where battle was to be,  
He lay, the captain—no one knows his name,  
A corpse, enshrouded by the deep dark sea ;  
Northward he drove ; and Swedish fishermen,  
Sweeping the midnight water with their nets,  
Drew him ashore among their fish : and then—  
They raffled for the dead man's epaulets.”

The enemy stood before Copenhagen : it shone in flames, and we lost our fleet, but not our courage and our faith in God : he

casteth down, but raiseth up again. Our wounds were healed, like those of the chosen in Valhalla. Copenhagen's history is rich with consolation.

"'Tis a saying in our land,  
Bravely still let Denmark stand,  
God will lend a helping hand,  
And the sun will shine to-morrow!"

And soon, indeed, the sun shone upon the re-arisen city, upon rich corn fields, upon business and enterprise; a blessed summer-day of peace, wherein poetry raised her *Fata Morgana* of many colours, at the coming of *Oehlenschläger*.

And in science a great find was made; far better than the "gold-horn" of olden days. A bridge of gold was found.

"A bridge for Thought itself;  
From land to land, in lightning's form, to speed."

*Hans Christian Oersted*\* wrote his name upon it.

And behold, close up to the church by the castle, there rose a building, to which even the poorest man and woman gladly gave their penny.

"You remember the first part of the picture-book?" said godfather, "and the old stone-blocks, that toppled down from the crags of Norway, and were floated hither on the ice: now they are hoisted up out of the sandy depths at *Thorvaldsen*'s† bidding, and brought to light again in all their marble beauty."

\* *Hans Christian Oersted*, the discoverer (in 1826) of the close connection between magnetism and electricity: on which principle is founded the electric telegraph system.

† *Thorvaldsen*, the great Danish sculptor.

Remember what I have shown and told you. The sand-bank in the sea arose, became a breakwater for the haven, bore Axel's house, bore the bishop's mansion, and the king's castle; and now it bears the temple of art. The words of cursing have blown over; but what the children of sunlight sang in their gladness, about the coming times, that has been fulfilled.

Many and many a storm has rolled off: yet another may come on; it will roll off again. Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty win the day.

And so ends the picture-book; but not so Copenhagen's history. Who knows what you yourself may live to see?

It has often looked black and blown a gale; but the sunshine is not blown away—*that* remains. And stronger than the very strongest sunshine is God. Our Lord rules over more than Copenhagen.

Thus spoke godfather, and gave me the book. His eyes shone: he felt so sure of what he said. And I took the book joyfully, proudly, and carefully, just as I took my little sister, the first time I carried her.

And godfather said, "You are quite welcome to show your picture-book to one friend or another, and you may say it was I who made up the work, with scissors, paste, and pencil. But it is a matter of life and death that they should know where I got the first idea of it. You know it, so tell it them. The idea is due to the old oil-lamps that on the last evening of their burning showed to the gas-lights of the city, like a Fata Morgana, all that had been seen there—from the first kindling

of a lamp in the haven, down to that very evening when Copenhagen was lighted up both with oil and gas.

“You may show the book to whom you please; that is to say, to any people with kind eyes and gentle hearts; but if a *hel-horse* should look in, then shut up

“GODFATHER’S PICTURE-BOOK.”

THE END.

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